

**BLACKHAWK**  
BRAVES  
THE PLATEAU OF  
OBLIVION!







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



FORMERLY MILITARY COMICS

# MODERN

NOVEMBER  
No. 67

COMICS

10¢

**BLACKHAWK**  
BRAVES  
THE PLATEAU OF  
OBLIVION!





# DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

## *Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottos*

### SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottos which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottos you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

**IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.<sup>50</sup>**

**IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.<sup>00</sup>**

**IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.<sup>00</sup>**

#### REMEMBER:

No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottos you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.

WRITE  
FOR COMPLETE  
DETAILS  
TO

## CREDIT SALES COMPANY

406 North Main Street P. O. Box 106 Normal, Illinois

Dept. 9-11

# BLACKHAWK



From the abyssal depths of the Stone Age, from the yawning chasm of a time linked to the present by the span of a million years, an unspeakable horror, rises from the dusty past to threaten civilization with utter destruction, until

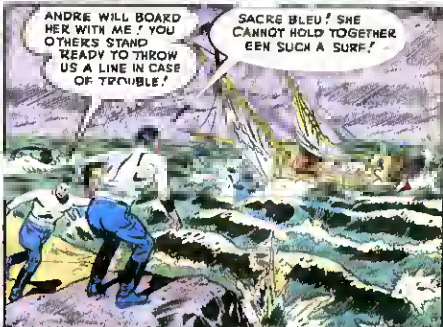
**THE BLACKHAWKS**  
scent the plot, and give  
battle on  
**THE PLATEAU OF OBLIVION!**



A valiant group of adventurers relax on Blackhawk Island, when suddenly...

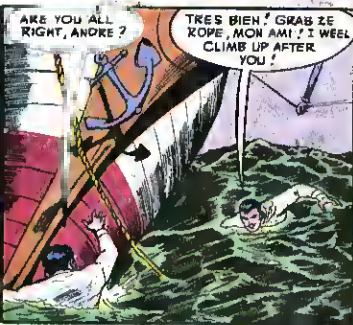
COME LOOKEE, QUICK! BIG SAILING BOAT RUN AGROUND ON REEFS!

ON YOUR TOES, MEN! THEY'LL BE POUNDED TO PIECES BY THE SURF!



ANDRE WILL BOARD HER WITH ME! YOU OTHERS STAND READY TO THROW US A LINE IN CASE OF TROUBLE!

SACRE BLEU! SHE CANNOT HOLD TOGETHER EEN SUCH A SURF!



ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, ANDRE?

TRES BIEN! GRAB ZE ROPE, MON AMI! I WEEL CLIMB UP AFTER YOU!



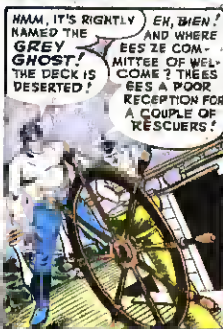
BLACKHAWK... ATTENDEZ! ABOVE YOU... QUEEK, THE ANCHOR!

THE DEVIL! THANKS... I SEE IT!



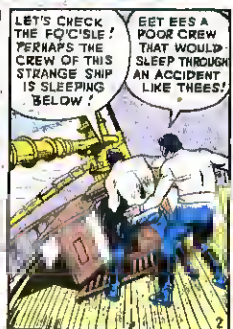
WHEW! NOM DU CHIEN! OF WHAT USE EES ZE ANCHOR TO ZE FOOLS NOW?

THAT WAS CLOSE! SURELY THEY MUST KNOW WE'RE COMING ABOARD!



HAHM, IT'S RIGHTLY NAMED THE GREY GHOST! THE DECK IS DESERTED!

EH, BIEN! AND WHERE EES ZE COMMITTEE OF WELCOME? THEES EES A POOR RECEPTION FOR A COUPLE OF RESCUERS!



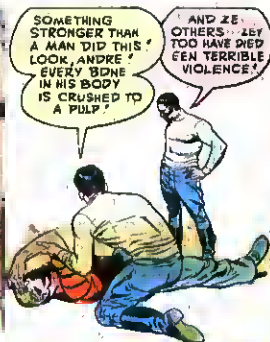
LET'S CHECK THE FO'C'SLE! PERHAPS THE CREW OF THIS STRANGE SHIP IS SLEEPING BELOW!

EET EES A POOR CREW THAT WOULD SLEEP THROUGH AN ACCIDENT LIKE THEES!



GOOD GRIEF ' DEAD ... EVERY  
LAST ONE OF THEM ' AND BY  
BRUTAL VIOLENCE  
BESIDES !

SACRE MONDE ' NEVAIR  
HAVE I SEEN SUCH  
COMPLETE  
DESTRUCTION !



SOMETHING  
STRONGER THAN  
A MAN DID THIS '  
LOOK, ANDRE '  
EVERY BONE  
IN HIS BODY  
IS CRUSHED TO  
A PULP !

AND ZE  
OTHERS ... ZEY  
TOO HAVE DIED  
EEN TERRIBLE  
VIOLENCE !



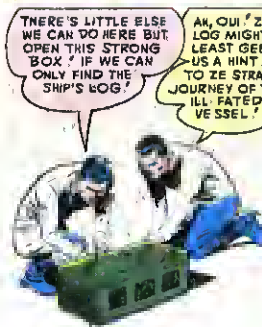
LET'S CHECK  
THE WHEELHOUSE '  
WE MIGHT FIND A  
CLUE IN THERE !

EEN MY MIND,  
I ALREADY  
HAVE A STRANGE  
FEELING WHAT  
TO EXPECT !



DON'T LOOK, ANDRE '  
YOU WERE RIGHT !

I WOULD NOT CARE TO  
MEET WEEZH ZE THING  
THAT HAS CAUSED  
SUCH A DEATH !



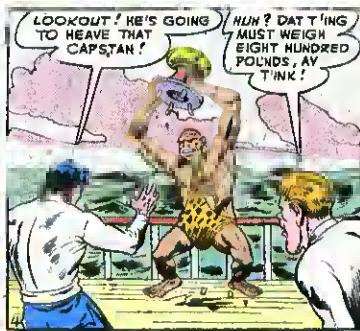
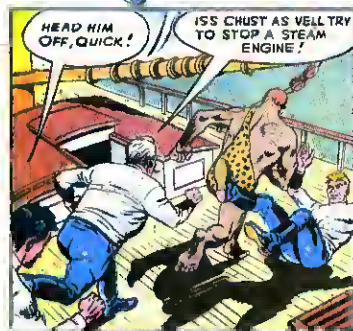
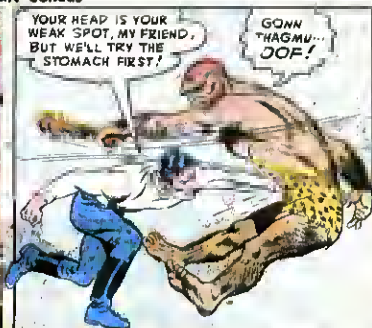
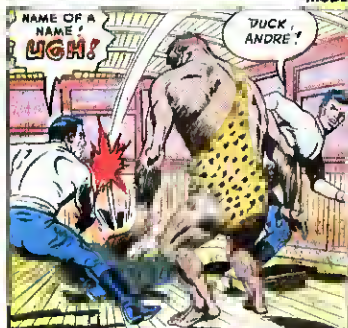
THERE'S LITTLE ELSE  
WE CAN DO HERE BUT  
OPEN THIS STRONG  
BOX ' IF WE CAN  
ONLY FIND THE  
SHIP'S LOG !

AK, OUI ' ZE  
LOG MIGHT AT  
LEAST GEEVE  
US A HINT AS  
TO ZE STRANGE  
JOURNEY OF THEES  
ILL-FATED  
VE SSEL !

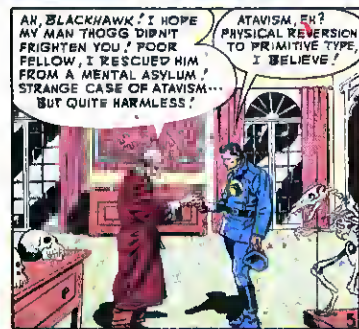
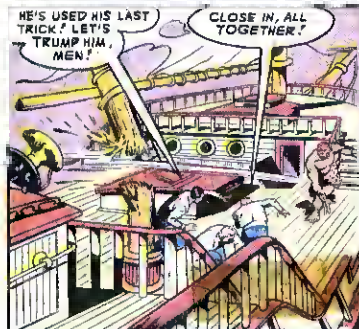


THERE'S THE  
LOG BOOK ... AND  
SAY, TAKE A LOOK  
AT THOSE  
DIAMONDS !

DIAMONDS, YOU  
CALL-ZEM ' ZEY  
ARE ZE SIZE OF  
HEN'S EGGS '  
MAGNIFIQUE !







**BLACKHAWK finishes his strange tale...**

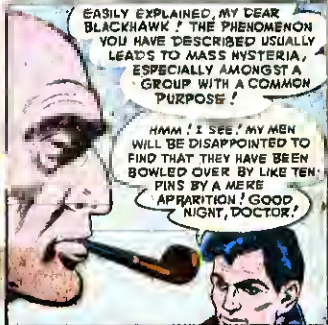
SO THAT'S IT, EH? WELL, I'LL BE QUITE FRANK WITH YOU! I BELIEVE THIS APPARITION YOU SAW WAS A HALLUCINATION BROUGHT ABOUT BY MENTAL AND PHYSICAL STRESS! VERY COMMON OCCURRENCE, Y'KNOW!

I DISAGREE WITH YOU, DOCTOR! SIX MEN BESIDES MYSELF SAW AND EVEN TOUCHED THE BRUTE!



EASILY EXPLAINED, MY DEAR BLACKHAWK! THE PHENOMENON YOU HAVE DESCRIBED USUALLY LEADS TO MASS MYSTERY, ESPECIALLY AMONGST A GROUP WITH A COMMON PURPOSE!

HMM! I SEE! MY MEN WILL BE DISAPPOINTED TO FIND THAT THEY HAVE BEEN BOWLED OVER BY LIKE TEN PINS BY A MERE APPARITION! GOOD NIGHT, DOCTOR!



**Later...**

SEVERAL GOOD CLUES HERE! ONE PASSENGER, NAME NOT LISTED, IS MISSING! THESE DIAMONDS ARE PERFECT IN EVERY DETAIL! THEY COULD ONLY HAVE BEEN FORMED BY TREMENDOUS PRESSURE AND HEAT... PROBABLY OF VOLCANIC ORIGIN!

EH, BIEN! BUT WHERE? WHAT? HOW?



ACCORDING TO THE SHIP'S LOG, THE LAST PORT OF CALL WAS RIGHT HERE!

BUT DER MAP SHOWS NOTTING BUT WATER! NO ISLANDS! NO LAND, NO NAMES!



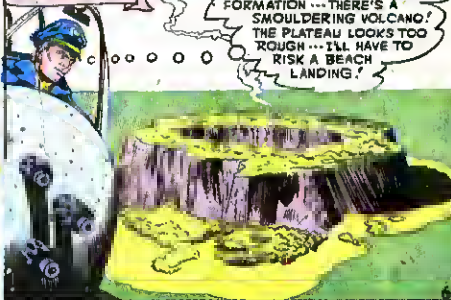
GUESS WORK WON'T SOLVE OUR PROBLEM! I'M FLYING TO THE PLOTTED POSITION! KEEP IN TOUCH WITH ME ON THE USUAL FREQUENCY! IF YOU HEAR NOTHING WITHIN TWELVE HOURS, RENDEZVOUS AT THE POINT WE FIXED!

AY TANK WE CAN GET THE BRUSH-OFF!



**Hours later**

HMM, STRANGE LOOKING ROCK FORMATION... THERE'S A SMOULDERING VOLCANO! THE PLATEAU LOOKS TOO ROUGH... I'LL HAVE TO RISK A BEACH LANDING!





THERE MUST BE SOME WAY OF GETTING INTO THE VALLEY WITHOUT HAVING TO CLIMB THIS SHEER WALL!



THAT ODD LOOKING ANIMAL SOLVED THE PROBLEM!



THE ANIMAL USED THIS TUNNEL TO GET INTO THE VALLEY WHERE IT CAN PROBABLY FIND FOOD AND SHELTER! WELL, HERE GOES!



THIS IS UNBELIEVABLE! THOSE TREES... THE STRANGE VINES AND FLOWERS... THEY COME FROM A WORLD DEAD A MILLION YEARS AGO!



GOOD GRIEF! WHAT'S THAT?

GROWRR!  
AWRRRR!  
GAHRRGH!



THIS MUST BE A REAL HALLUCINATION! TWO PREHISTORIC MONSTERS... TEARING, RIPPING, AND CLAWING FOR EXISTENCE!



HE'S SPOTTED ME! MY ONLY CHANCE IS THE CLIFF... IF I CAN ONLY GET A FOOTHOLD IN THAT SOLID ROCK!



THANK GOODNESS THESE SPIKES ARE HERE! SOMEBODY HAS APPARENTLY GONE THROUGH A SIMILAR EXPERIENCE!



WELL, THAT SEALS THE ONLY EXIT I KNOW OF TO THE BEACH AND MY PLANE! I SHOULD HAVE CALLED THE SQUADRON BEFORE I GOT INTO THIS MESS!



WH...? OHHH!

MLU GORR HONG!



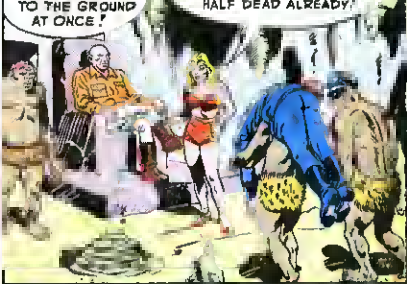
RH'NYGLA GN'AL?

GOR'HA'GG! MANU F'RYNGH!



NG'YAHNA! LET HIM FALL TO THE GROUND AT ONCE!

CALL OFF YOUR BEASTS MENDOZA! THE MAN IS HALF DEAD ALREADY!



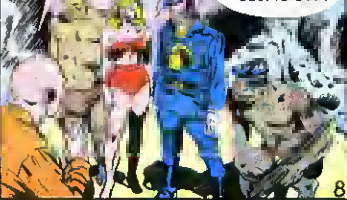
THOSE FILTHY BEASTS! ARE YOU BADLY HURT?

I'VE FELT WORSE, BUT I CAN'T REMEMBER WHEN!

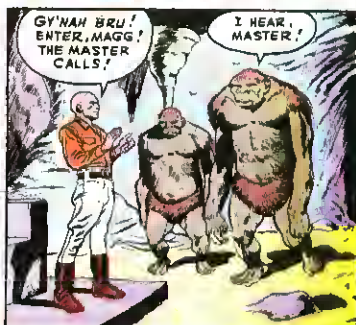
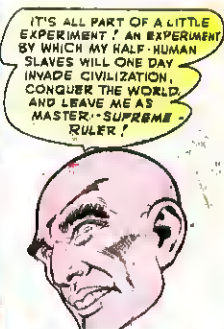
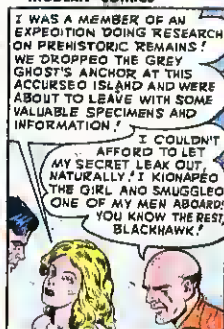


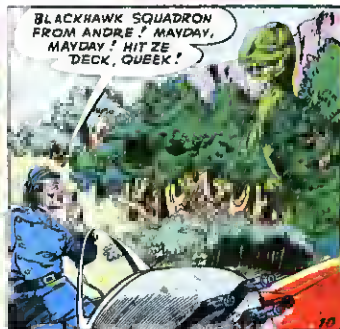
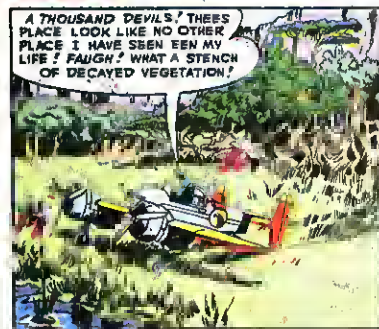
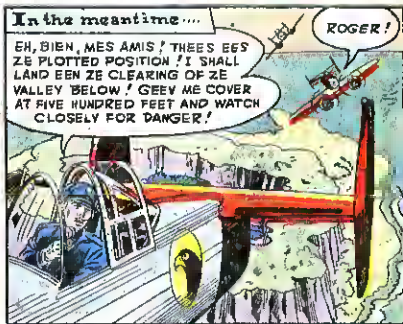
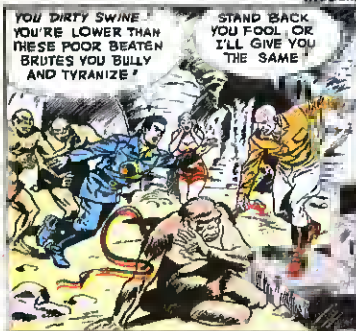
WE MEET AGAIN, EH, BLACKHAWK? APPARENTLY MY DIAGNOSIS OF YOUR HALLUCINATION WAS NOT VERY CONVINCING!

NO, IT WASN'T! AS A MATTER OF FACT, YOUR EVASIVE ATTITUDE AND GLIB EXPLANATION WERE THE TIP-OFF THAT REALLY MADE ME SUSPICIOUS!

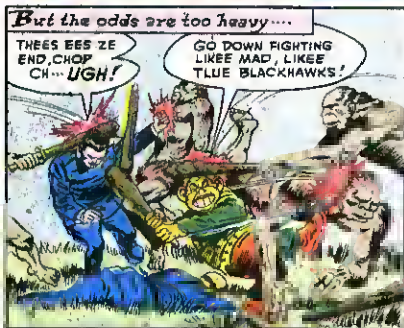
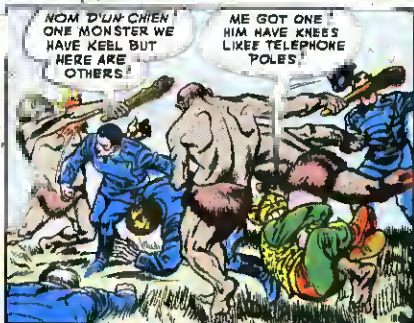






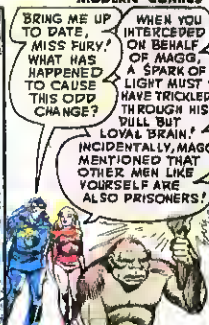






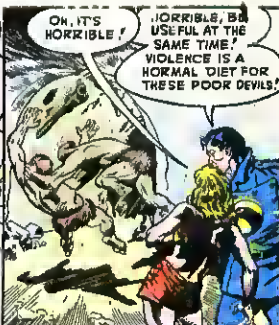


MAGG YOUR FRIEND! YOU SAY TRUTH TO MASTER! MAGG IS NOT SLAVE! MAGG IS MAN... LIKE YOU... LIKE MASTER! COME!



BRING ME UP TO DATE, MISS FURY! WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO CAUSE THIS ODD CHANGE?

WHEN YOU INTERCEDED ON BEHALF OF MAGG, A SPARK OF LIGHT MUST HAVE TRICKLED THROUGH HIS DULL BUT LOYAL BRAIN! INCIDENTALLY, MAGG MENTIONED THAT OTHER MEN LIKE YOURSELF ARE ALSO PRISONERS!



OH, IT'S HORRIBLE!

HORRIBLE, BUT USEFUL AT THE SAME TIME! VIOLENCE IS A NORMAL DIET FOR THESE POOR DEVILS!



BLACKHAWK! WE CAN'T THINK YOU DEAD!

SHHH! WE REMINISCE LATER! RIGHT NOW WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS DUNGEON AND OFF THIS ISLAND!



MAGG YOUR FRIEND! GO HERE... TUNNEL LEAD UNDER VALLEY... COME OUT ON BEACH!

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU, MAGG? DO YOU NOT WISH TO LEAVE THIS PLACE AND COME WITH US?



MAGG IS A MAN, BUT MAGG NOT LOOK LIKE YOU! YOUR PEOPLE NOT LIKE MAGG! GO! THIS IS MAGG'S HOME!

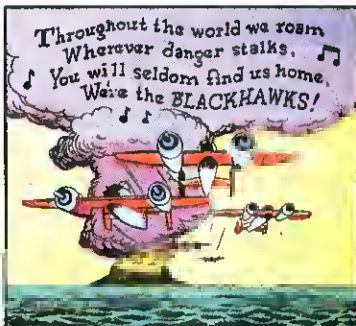
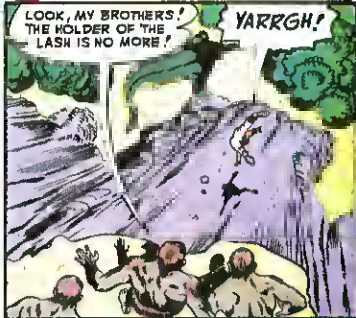
YOU'VE GOT MORE HEART AND GOOD IN YOU THAN MANY MEN LIKE MYSELF, MAGG! GOOD LUCK, AND GOOD-BYE!



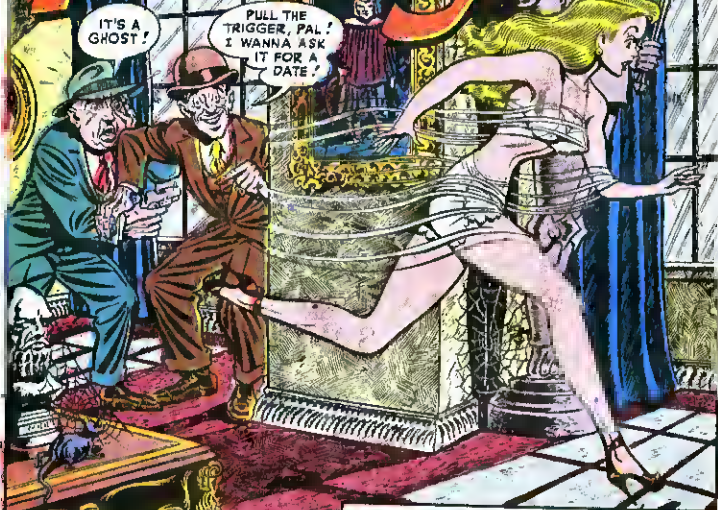
MAGG, FOR THE LAST TIME, COME WITH US! WE'LL COME BACK LATER AND HELP RID THIS ISLAND OF THAT TYRANT ONCE AND FOR ALL!

GO QUICK, FRIEND! MAGG STAY! MAGG IS FREE MAN NOW!





# Torchy

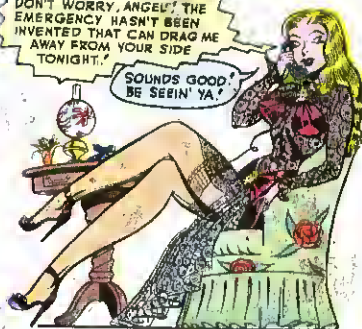


HI, TORCHY. THIS IS DICKIE. I THINK I CAN HAVE THE USE OF A CHARIOT TONIGHT. HOW ABOUT A DATE?

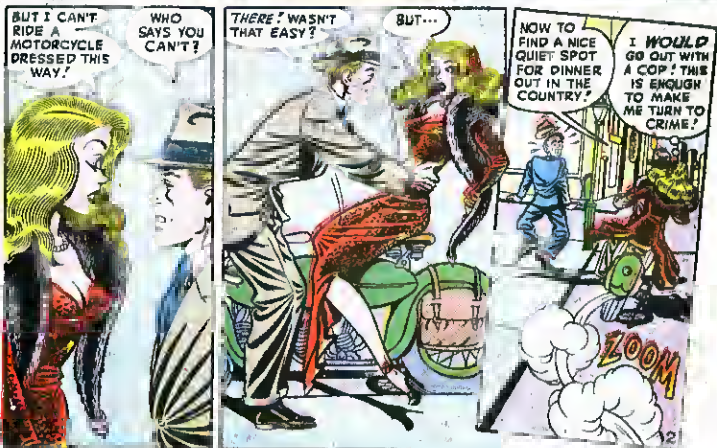
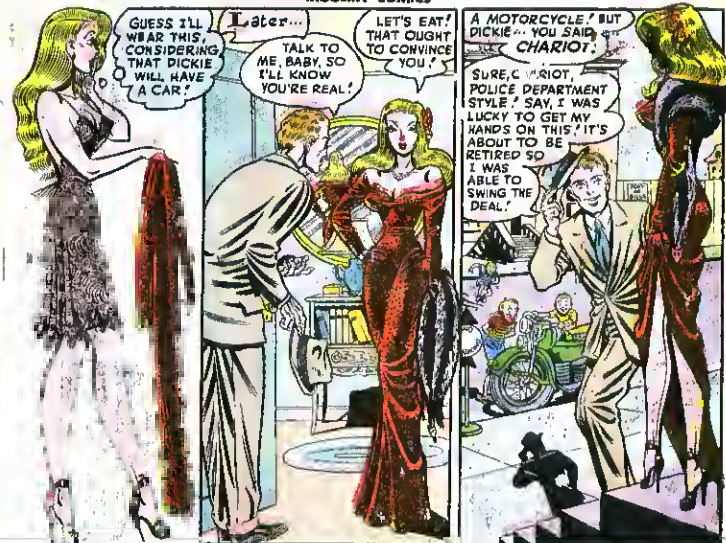
ALL RIGHT, COPPER, IF YOU'RE SURE YOU WON'T GET ONE OF THOSE SUDDEN EMERGENCY CALLS TO DUTY.

DON'T WORRY, ANGEL. THE EMERGENCY HASN'T BEEN INVENTED THAT CAN DRAG ME AWAY FROM YOUR SIDE TONIGHT.

SOUNDS GOOD. BE SEEN' YA.







Meanwhile, on a country road...

BUT, ZIGGIE, YOU KNOW I HATE THE COUNTRY! IT'S FULL OF FRESH AIR!

IT'LL BE WORTH ALL YOUR SACRIFICES, IGGIE! THINK OF IT! SOON WE WILL BE AT THE SCHMALORAL CASTLE GATES!

ZIGGIE, DO YOU THINK IT'S TRUE WHAT IT SAYS IN THE PUBLIC PRINTS... TO WIT, THAT THE DUCHESS OF LEKPORIA ACTUALLY HAD THE WHOLE CASTLE MOVED ACROSS THE OCEAN, BRICK BY BRICK?

IGGIE THE PAPERS NEVER LIE!

WHAT'S MORE, IT IS COMMON GOSSIP THROUGHOUT THE UNDER-WORLD THAT THE JEWELLED ROBE WE SEEK WAS DELIVERED TO THE DUCHESS TWO DAYS AGO! THERE'S THE CASTLE!

A ROBE WORTH A MILLION BUCKS! TSK! TSK! BUT IT'S SUCH A BIG CASTLE! HOW'RE WE GONNA KNOW WHERE TO LOOK FOR IT?

WHADDAYA WANT... BLUEPRINTS? CARELESS OF THEM TO LEAVE THE DRAWBRIDGE DOWN, WASN'T IT?

SUCH A SPOOKY PLACE! I WISH I WAS IN CHARLIE'S DUMP THIS MINUTE!

START PROWLIN', IGGIE! THIS PLACE IS FULL OF ROOMS AND WE MAY HAVE TO LOOK IN ALL OF 'EM TO FIND THE ROBE! AND DON'T BE AFRAID OF THAT BUNK ABOUT THE ROBE BEIN' HAUNTED BY THE GHOST OF THE DUCHESS'S MOTHER-IN-LAW!

GRAWK! HAUNTED? NOW HE TELLS ME!

And back on the road...

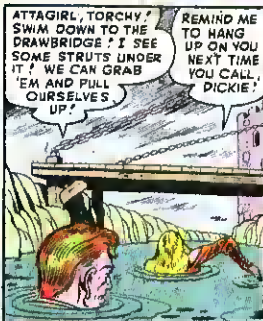
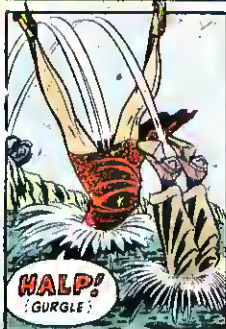
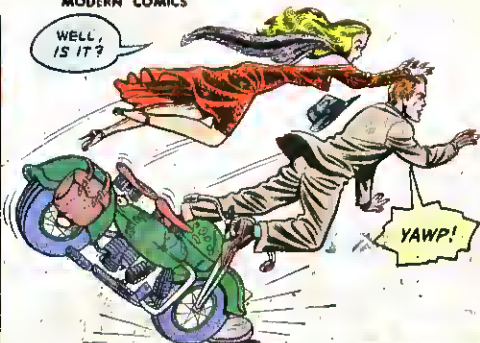
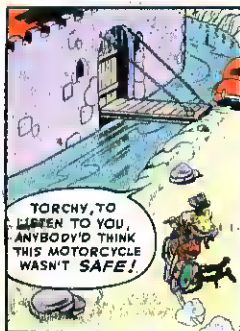
DICKIE, WHERE ON EARTH IS THIS QUIET DINING SPOT?

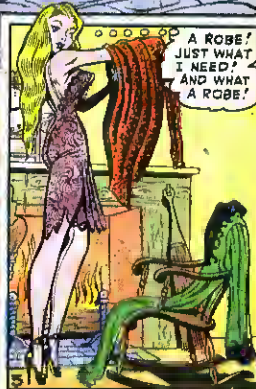
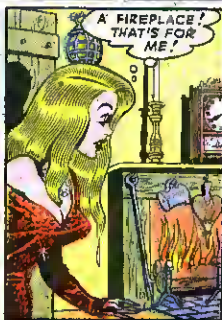
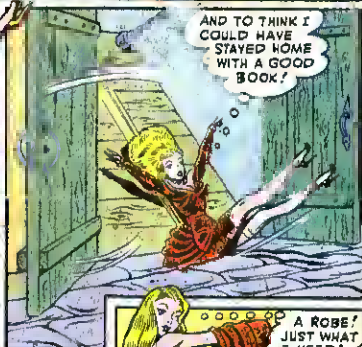
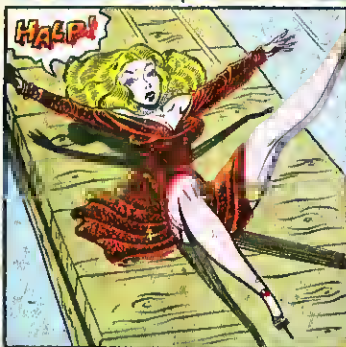
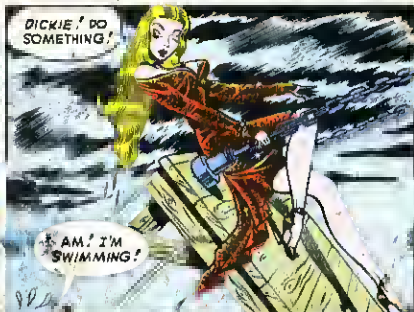
I'M NOT SURE, TORCHY! I MAY HAVE TAKEN A WRONG TURN!

BUT DON'T WORRY! WE'LL FIND IT!

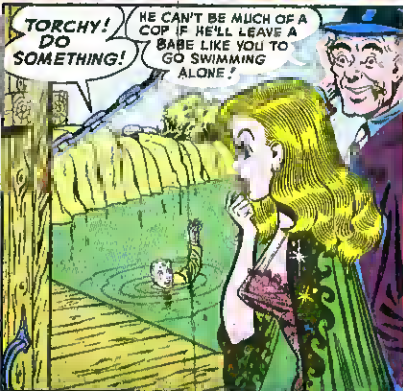
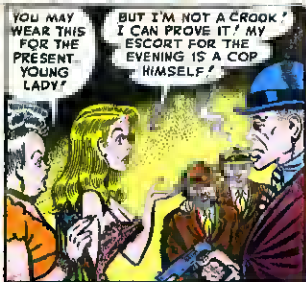
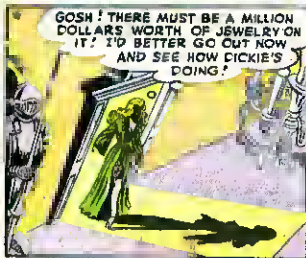
SURE! BUT WILL I STILL BE ALL IN ONE PIECE BY THAT TIME?







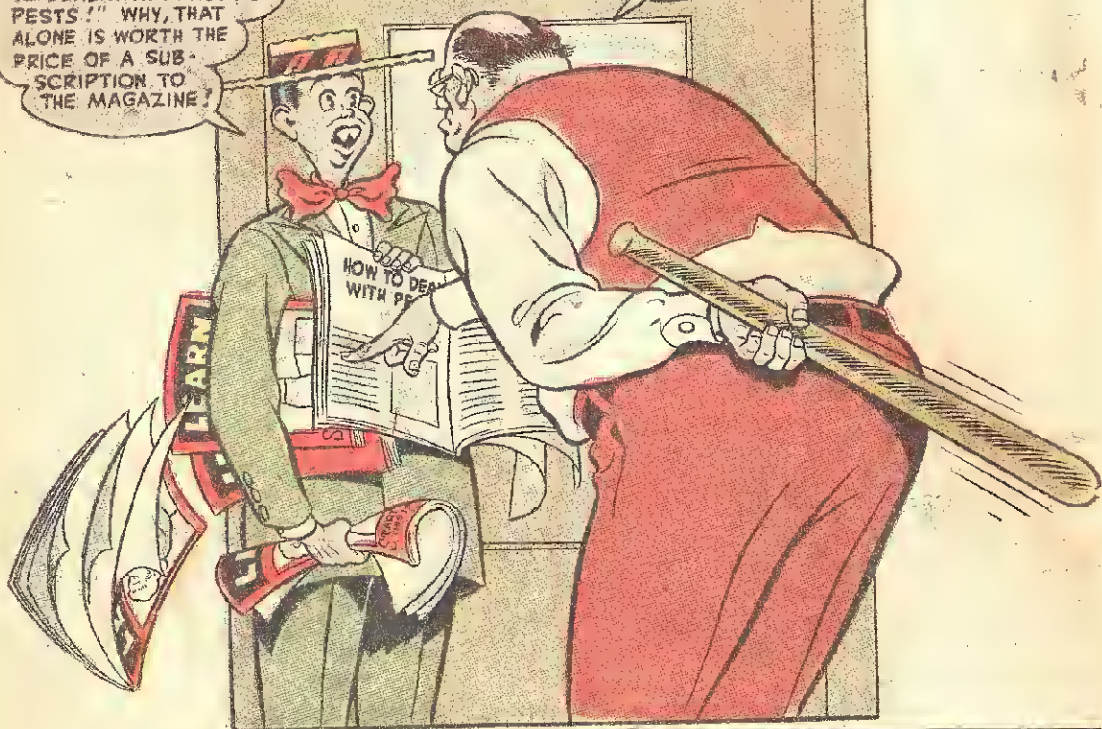




# DOCTAG

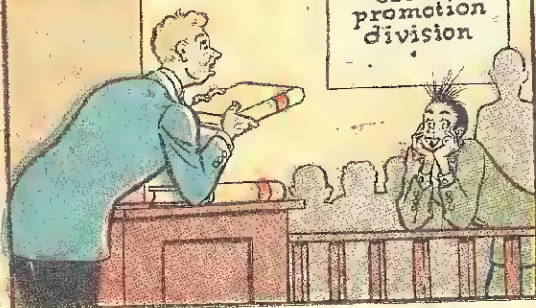
FOR INSTANCE, TAKE THIS ARTICLE---"HOW TO DEAL WITH ANNOYING PESTS!" WHY, THAT ALONE IS WORTH THE PRICE OF A SUBSCRIPTION TO THE MAGAZINE!

NOT TO ME! I'M THE GUY WHO WROTE IT!



NOW, REMEMBER, MEN, CLUCK'S ENCYCLOPEDIA HAS SOMETHING TO TEACH EVERYBODY ABOUT EVERYTHING! NO SUBJECT TOO SMALL, NO SUBJECT TOO BIG!

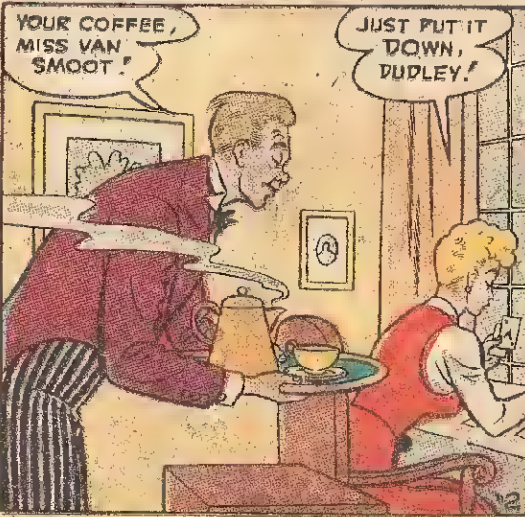
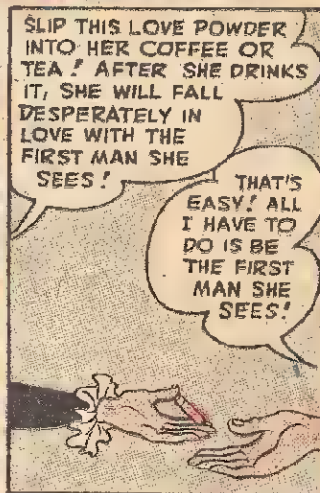
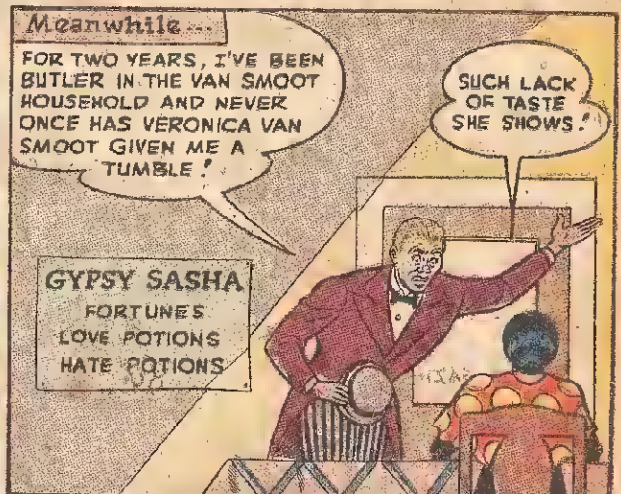
CLUCK'S  
ENCYCLOPEDIA  
Sales  
promotion  
division



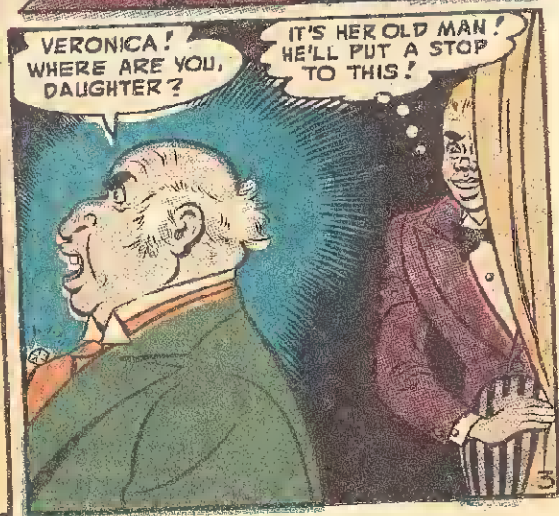
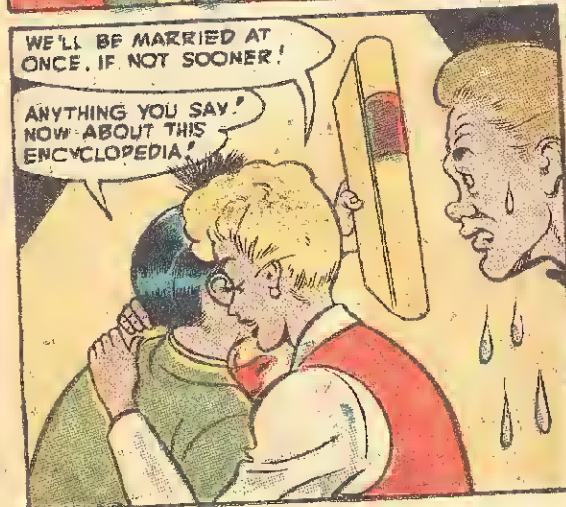
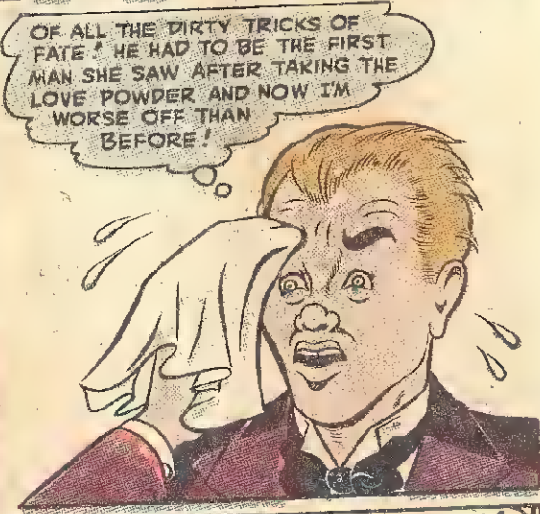
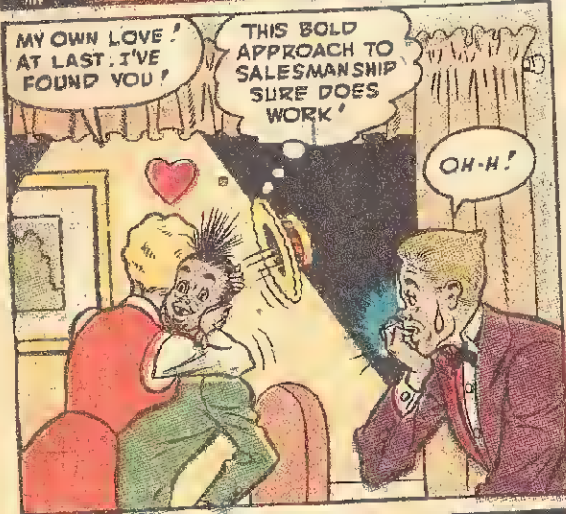
NEVER FORGET THAT THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO SELL ONE TO EACH PROSPECT! TO ACHIEVE THIS, NO HARSHIP OR SACRIFICE IS TOO GREAT!



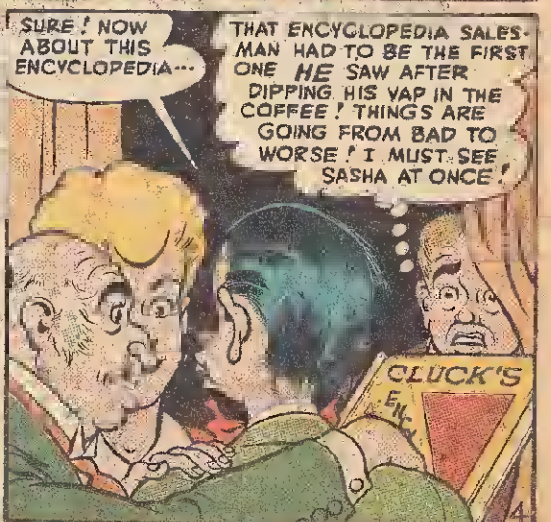
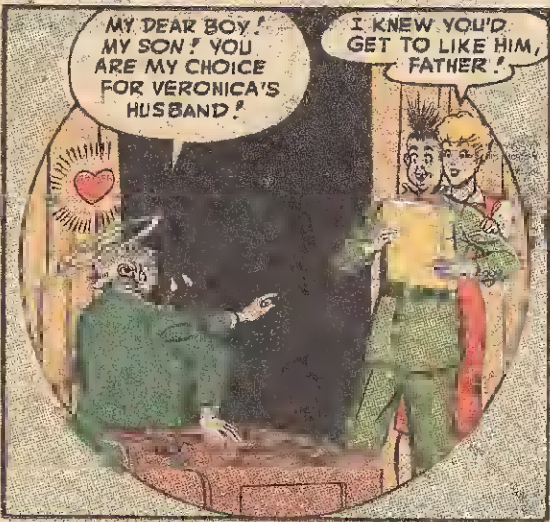
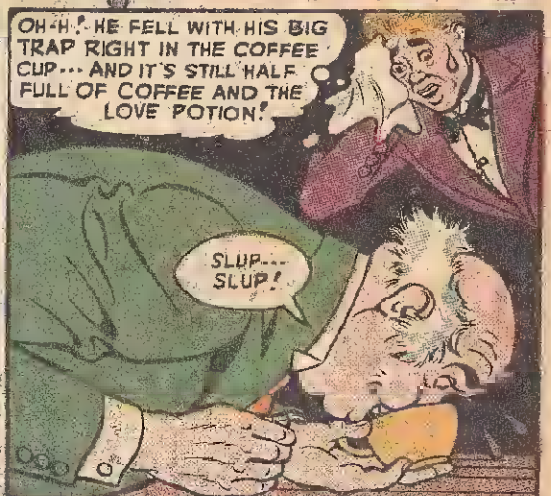
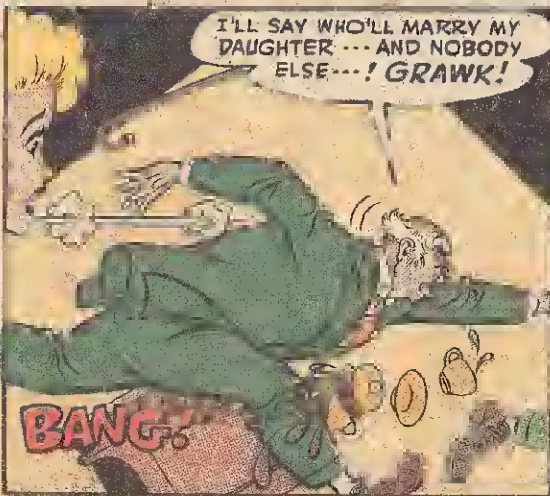
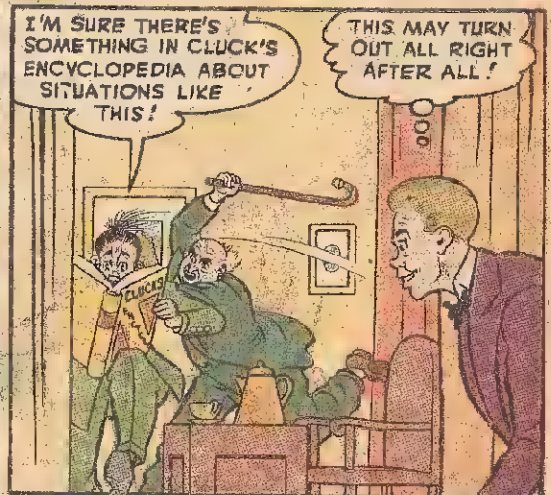
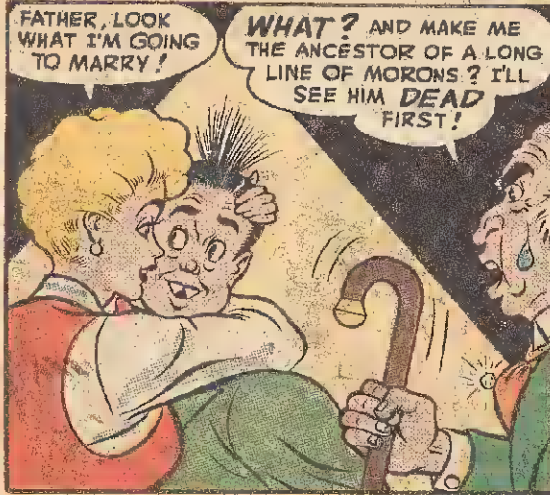




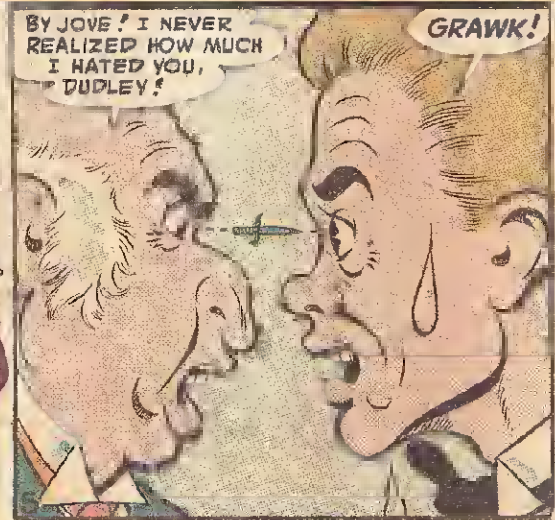
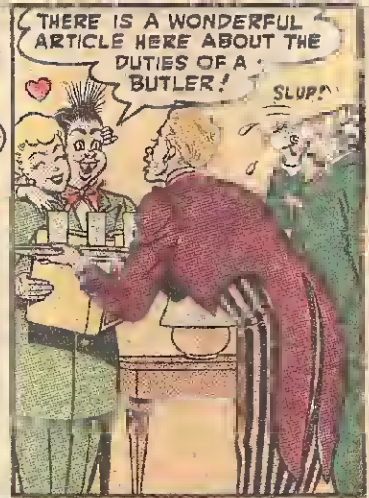
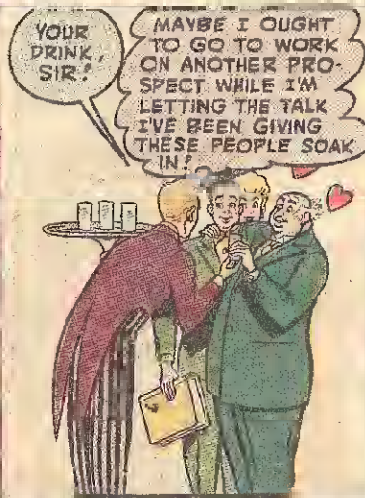
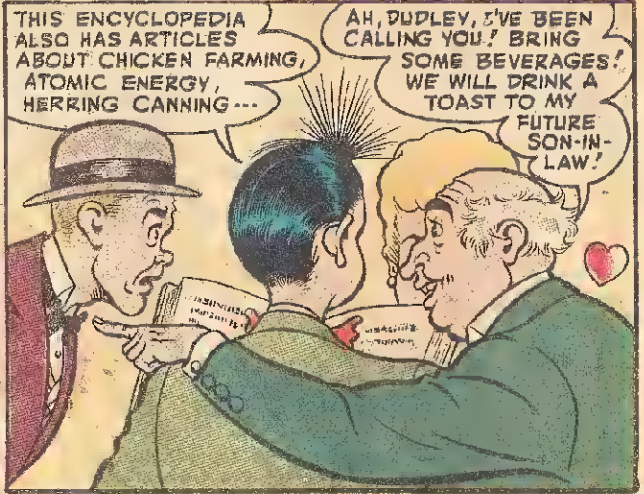
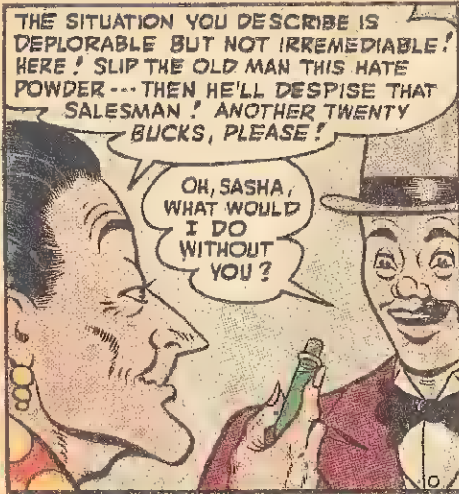




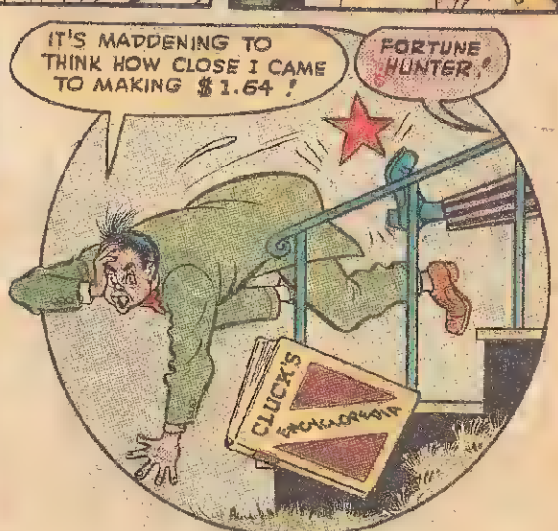
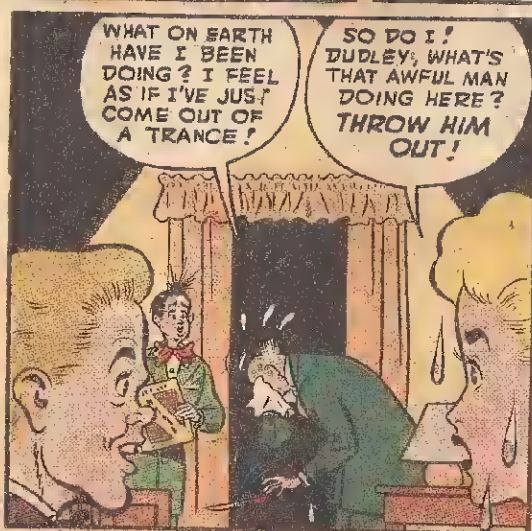
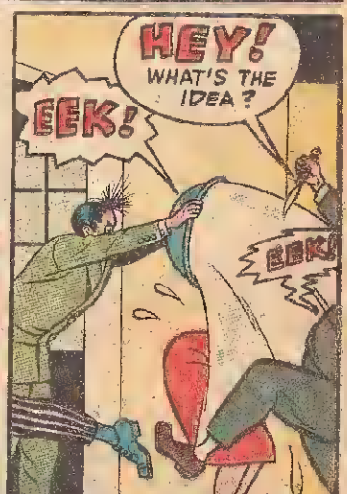
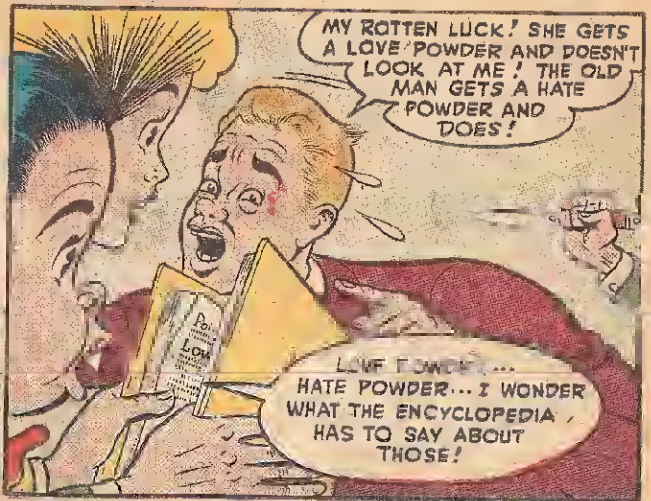
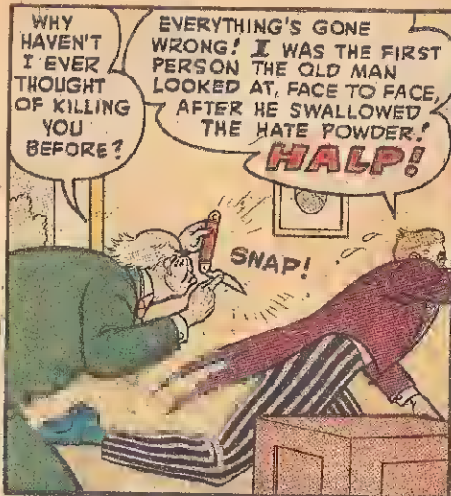






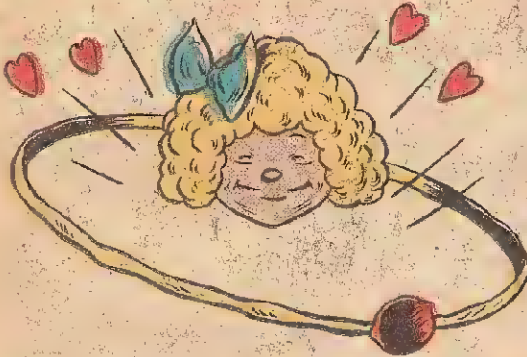








# PRUDENCE

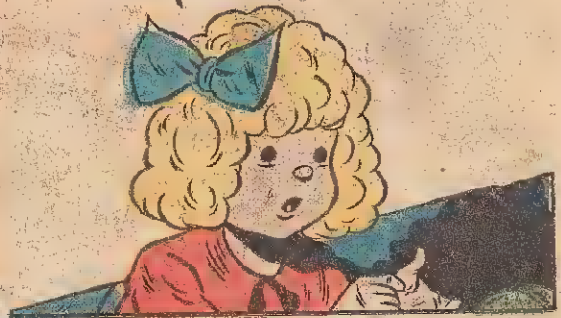


NOW THAT WE'RE OFFICIALLY ENGAGED, DEAR, I WANT THAT YOU SHOULD DO A FEW MINOR THINGS TO INSURE OUR FUTURE PERSONAL SECURITY!



STARTIN' AS OF TODAY, I WANT YOU TO GIVE ME YOUR WEEKLY ALLOWANCE, INCLUDIN' ALL PETTY CASH AND SALARIES YOU EARN FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS! AT THE END OF TWENTY YEARS, WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH SAVED TO BUY OURSELVES A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR BUNGALOW, OVERLOOKIN' TH' GOWANUS CANAL, OF COURSE!

OH, YES.. BEFORE I FERGET! NO MORE RUNNIN' AROUN' WITH THE BOYS AN' STAYIN' OUT LATE NIGHTS! AND WHEN WE'RE MARRIED, I WANT THAT YOU SHOULD DO THE FOLLOWIN' THINGS....

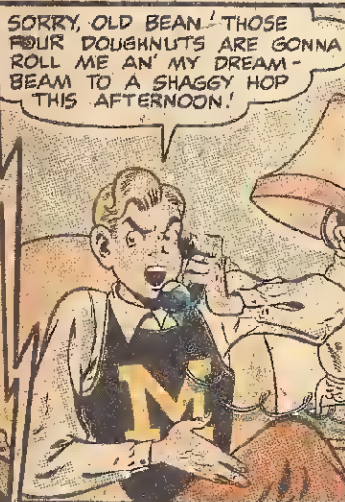
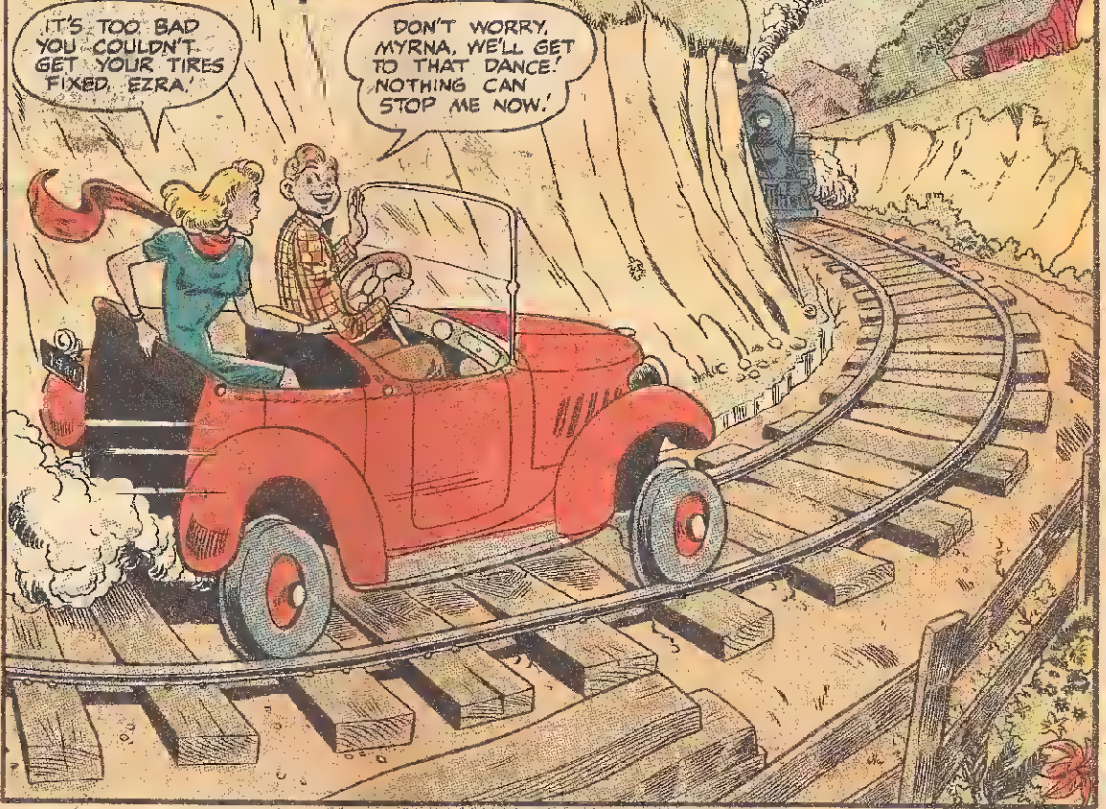


Four hours later...

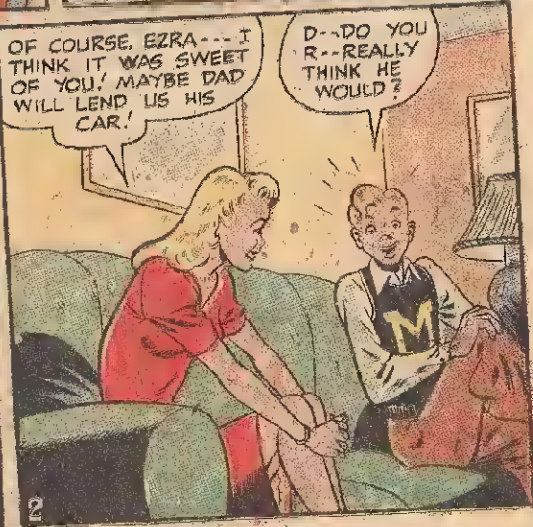
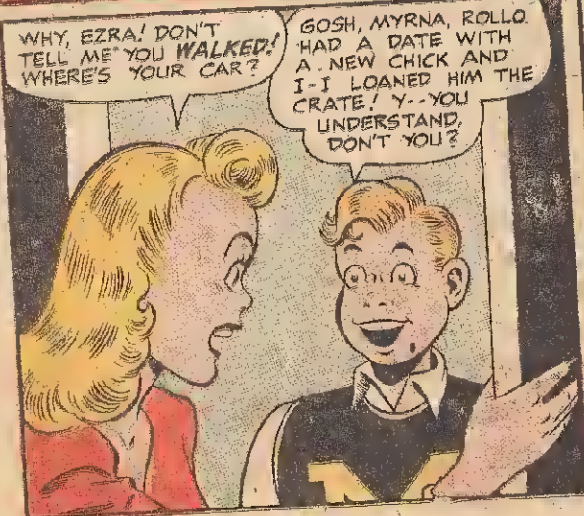
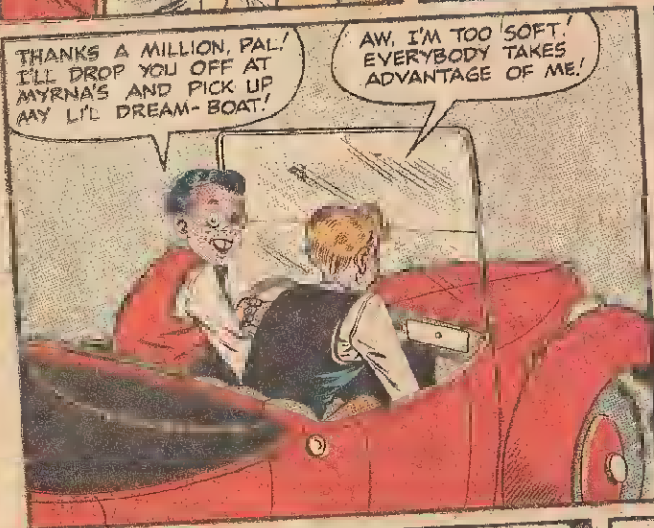




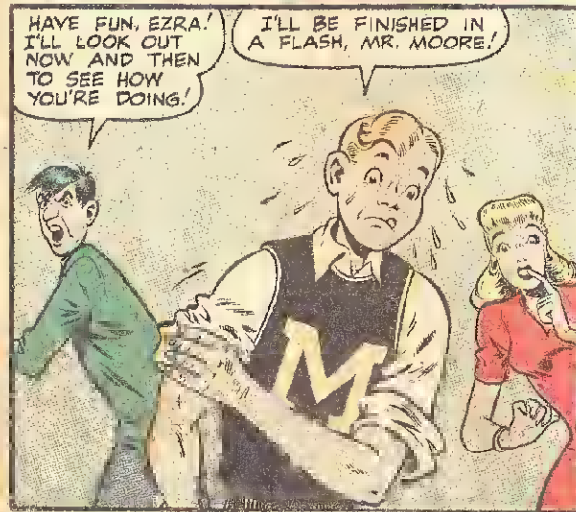
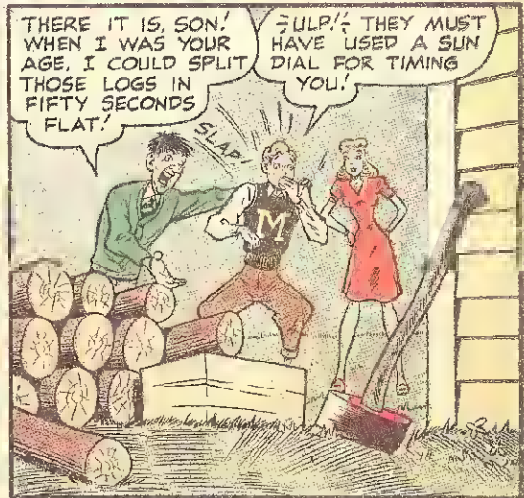
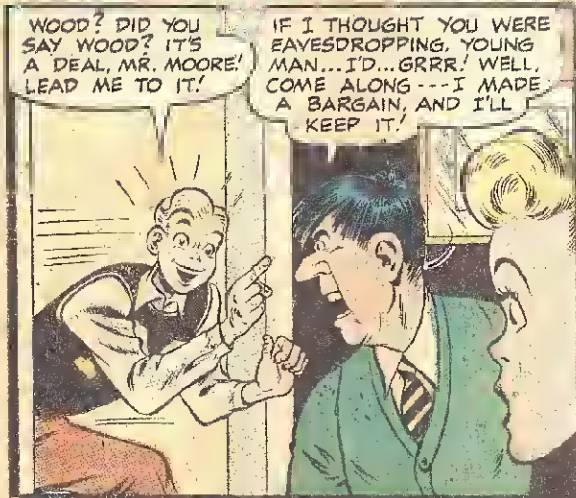
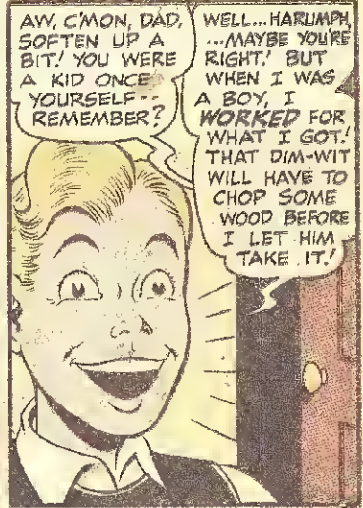
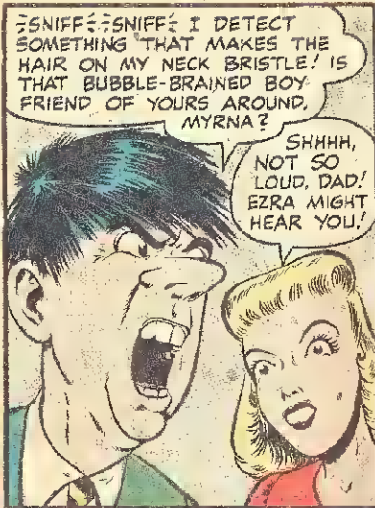
# EZRA



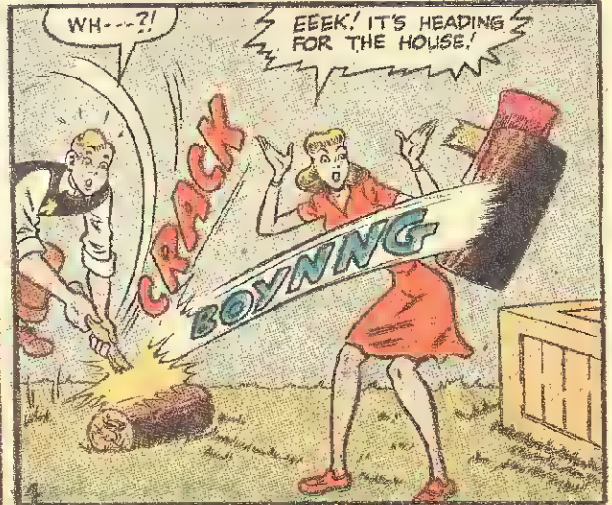
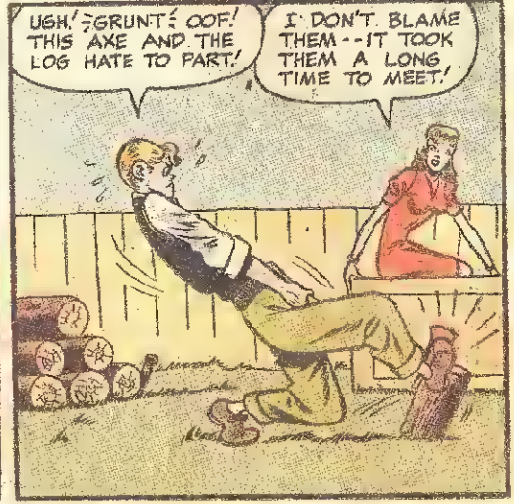
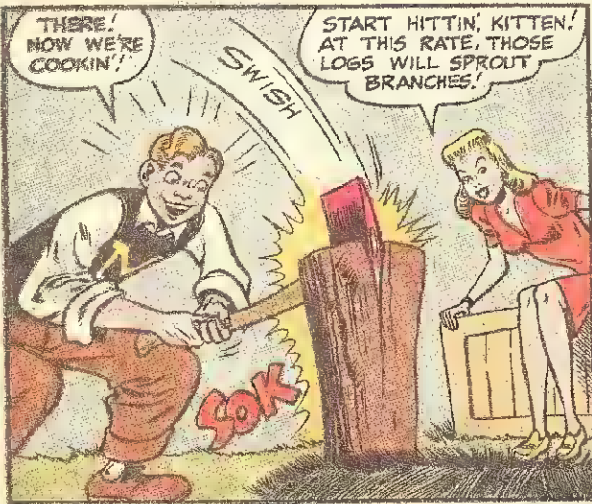
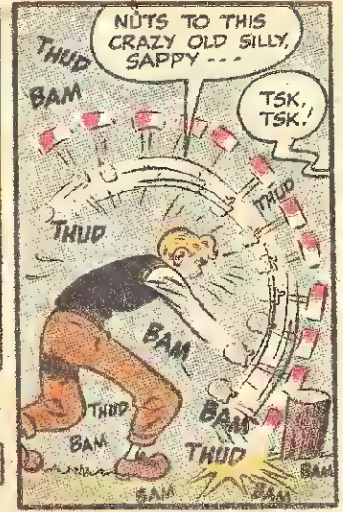
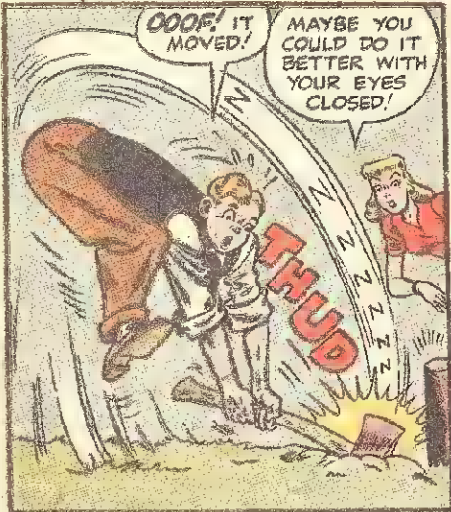




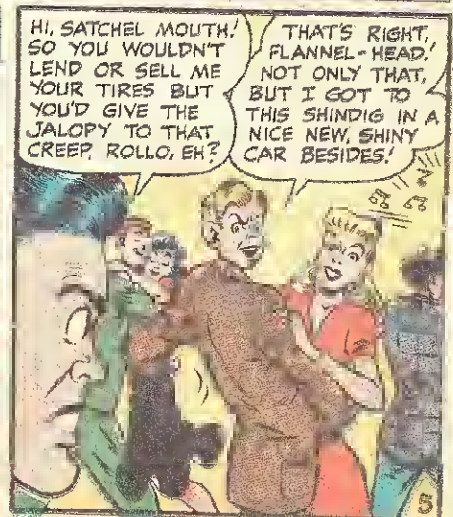
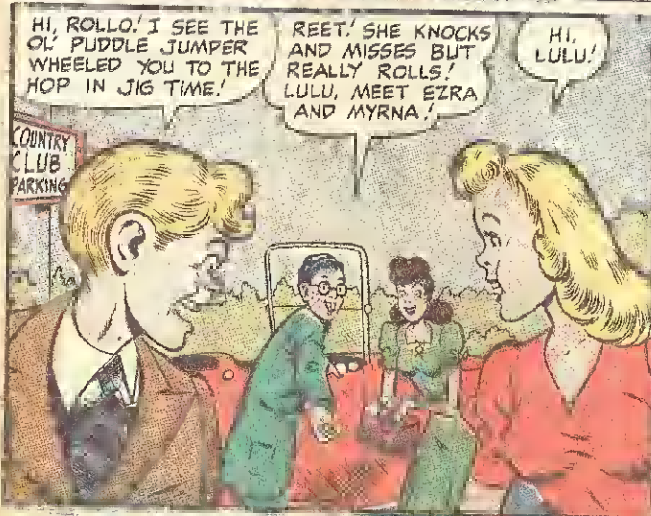
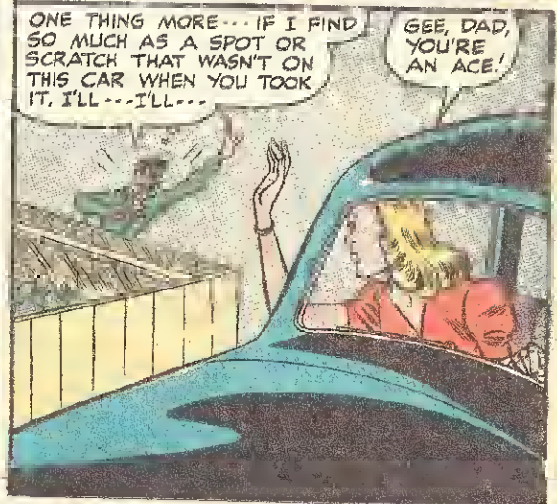
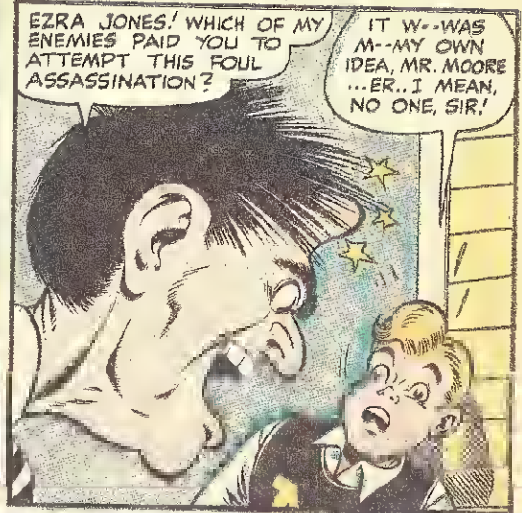
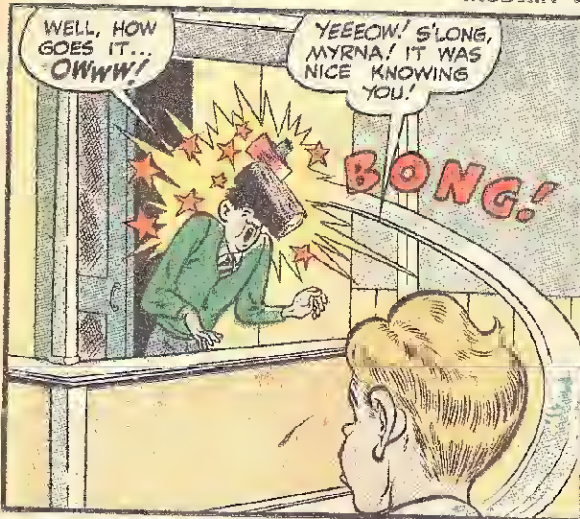




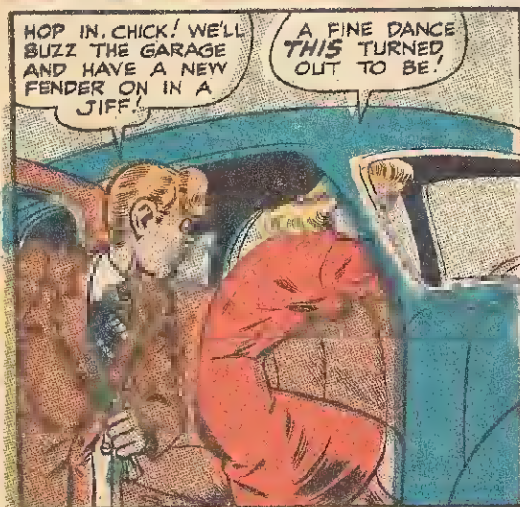
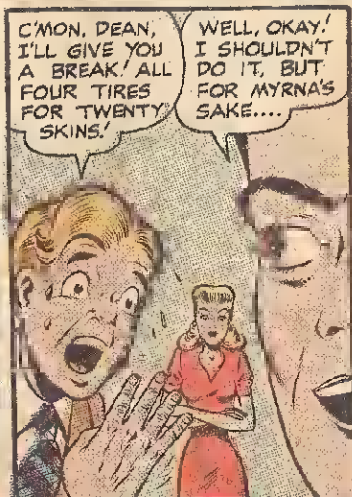
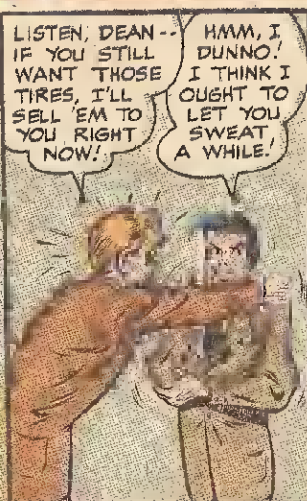
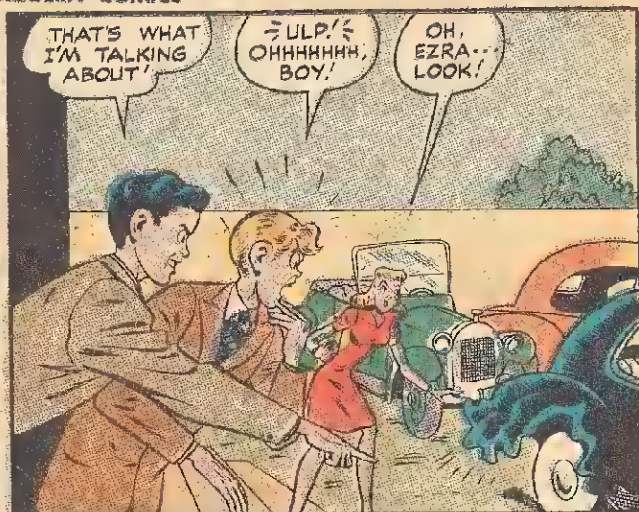
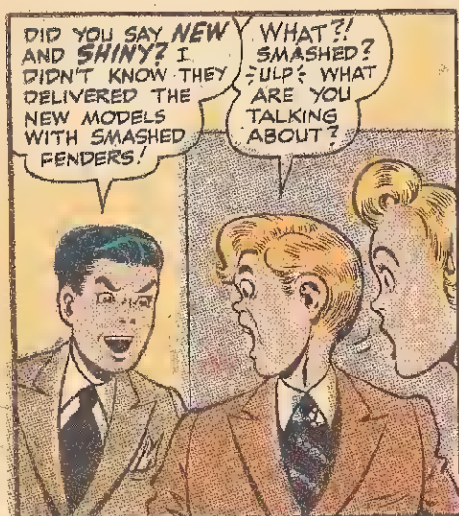




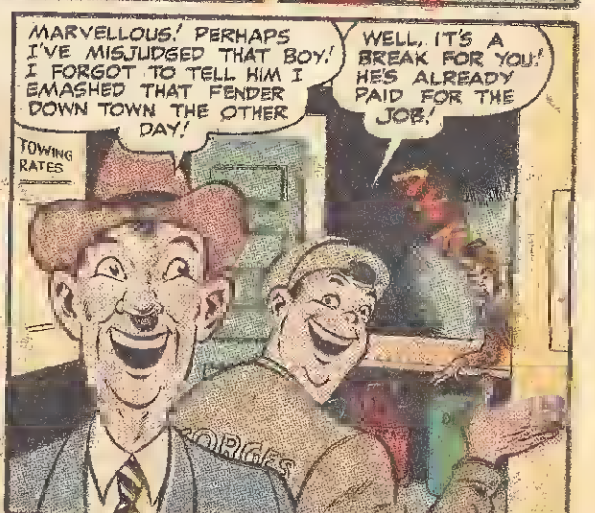
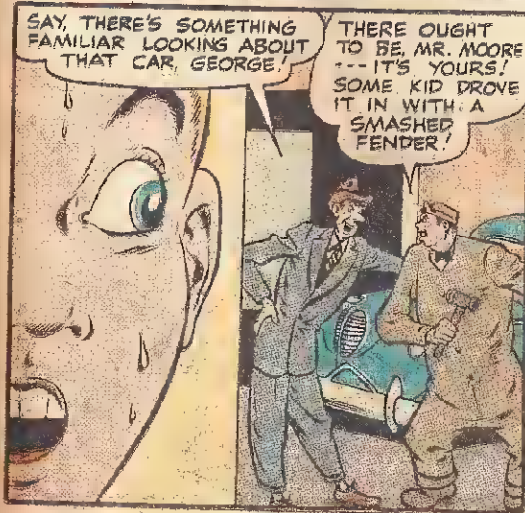
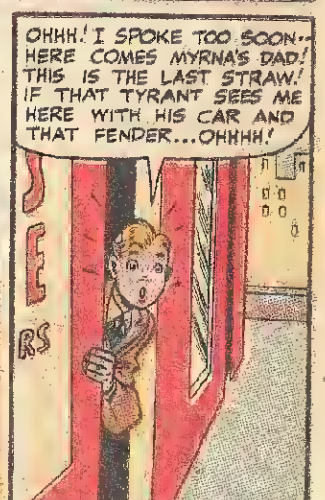
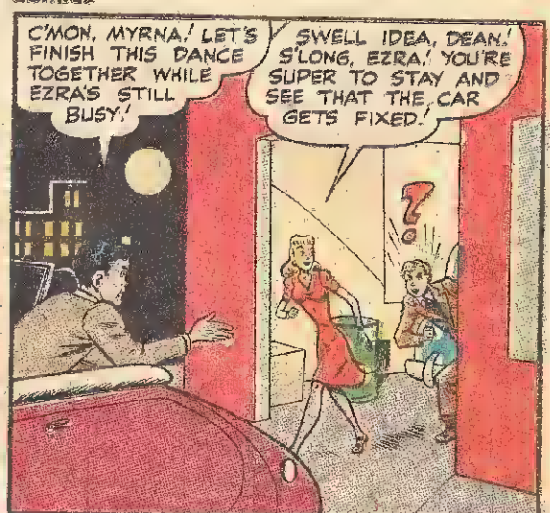














# CHOO CHOO

CHERRY, YOU  
SIMPLY MUST HELP  
ME! CAN'T YOU  
THINK OF ANY WAY  
I CAN GET ON THE  
STAGE?

TRY FALLING OUT  
OF A BOX SEAT!  
YOU'LL LAND RIGHT  
ON THE STAGE AND  
MAY EVEN GET  
YOUR LEG IN  
A CAST!

I DON'T GET IT!  
WHAT'S ALL THE  
RUSH ABOUT,  
CHOO CHOO?

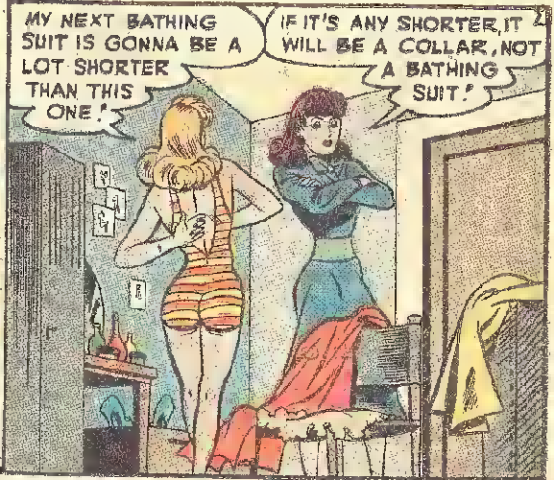
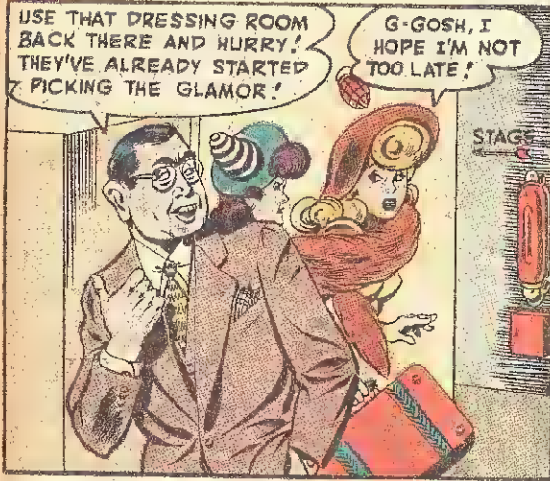
THERE'S A CALL FOR GIRLS  
AT THE COPPER CABANA!  
THIS IS ONE CHANCE I  
DON'T WANT TO MISS!

I'M CHOO CHOO  
LA MOE! WHERE  
DO I GO?

I'M VODO DEO! HOW  
DO I KNOW? IN  
THERE, SISTER!





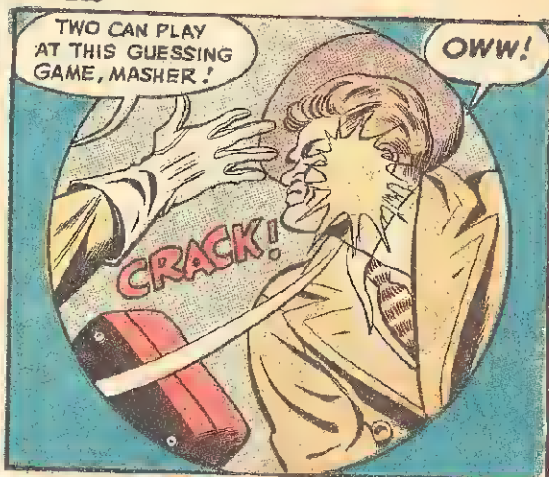






GUESS WHO?

WHAT TH...?



TWO CAN PLAY AT THIS GUESSING GAME, MASHER!

OWW!

CRACK!



BILL MANNING! FLAME OF MY HIGH SCHOOL DAYS! G-GOSH, I'M SORRY, BILL!

YEAH... ME, TOO! WOW! YOU STILL PACK A ROUGH WALLOP, CHOO CHOO!



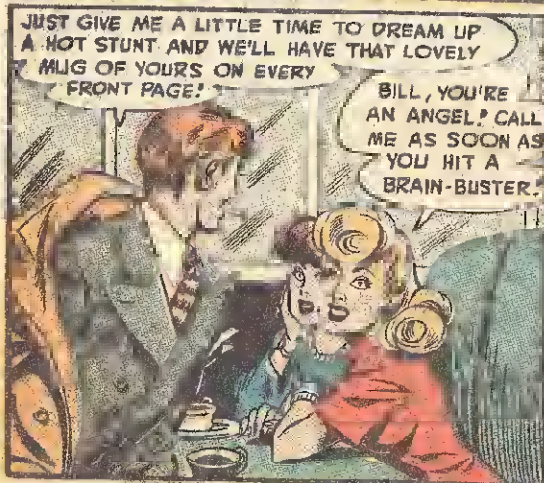
BILL, YOU OLD SMOOTHIE! WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

I NEED SOME COFFEE TO REVIVE ME! C'MON, KIDS! LET'S BUST OUR VESTS ON SOME HOT JAVA!



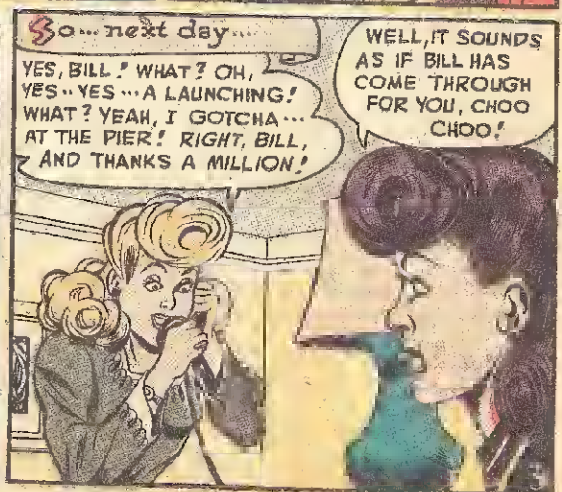
WELL, I'M A FREE-LANCE PUBLICITY AGENT...AND DOING MUCH TOO WELL FOR MY POOR BLOOD!

PUBLICITY! BILL, YOU'VE COME INTO MY LIFE WHEN I NEED YOU MOST, YOU'VE GOT TO HELP ME!



JUST GIVE ME A LITTLE TIME TO DREAM UP A HOT STUNT AND WE'LL HAVE THAT LOVELY MUG OF YOURS ON EVERY FRONT PAGE!

BILL, YOU'RE AN ANGEL! CALL ME AS SOON AS YOU HIT A BRAIN-BUSTER!



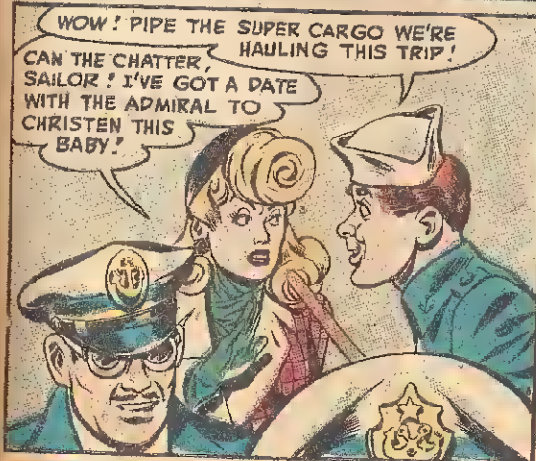
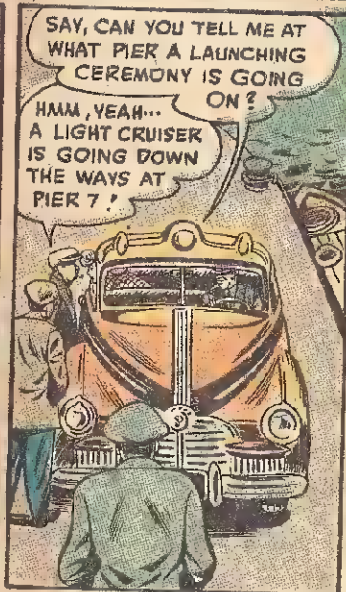
So...next day...

YES, BILL! WHAT? OH, YES...YES...A LAUNCHING! WHAT? YEAH, I GOTCHA... AT THE PIER! RIGHT, BILL, AND THANKS A MILLION!

WELL, IT SOUNDS AS IF BILL HAS COME THROUGH FOR YOU, CHOO CHOO!



MODERN COMICS





MODERN COMICS

HEY, SALTY, HOW'S ABOUT  
TOSSING A LINE AROUND  
THIS LADY AND TOWING  
HER TO THE CHRISTENING  
PLATFORM?

BOY, WILL I!  
CONVOYS LIKE THIS  
MAKE ESCORT DUTY  
A PLEASURE!



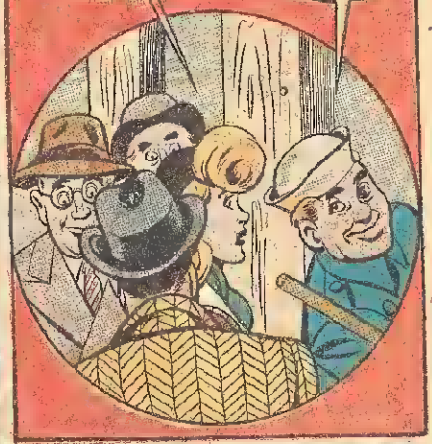
HURRY, FELLOWS!  
THIS IS ONE ACT  
I DON'T WANT  
TO MISS!

JUST  
FOLLOW US,  
A MISS! WE'LL  
ESTABLISH A  
BEACH-HEAD  
FOR YOU!



THANKS,  
GUYS! YOU'RE  
SUPER!

I HEAR  
YOU  
TALKIN'  
BABY!



HOLD EVERYTHING!  
I MAY BE LATE,  
BUT I'M  
READY!

MANGLING  
MERMAIDS!  
I'LL BE...

MERCY!



YOU MAY BE GOOD AT  
LAUNCHING SCOWS,  
BUT I'LL HANDLE  
THIS JOB!

REALLY!  
MY DEAH  
CHEE-ILD!



IT'S A FEMALE  
KAMIKAZE  
ATTACK!

THIS IS  
DREADFUL!

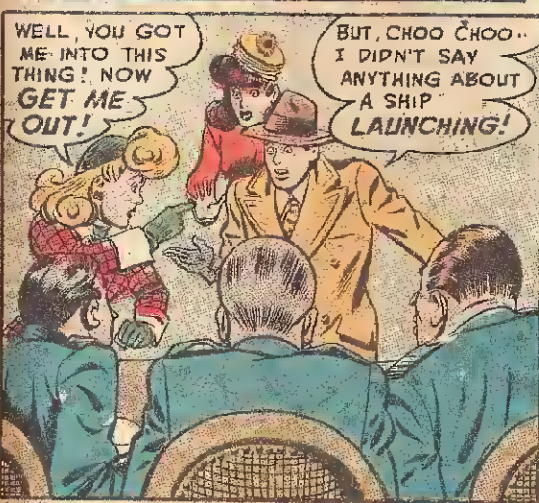
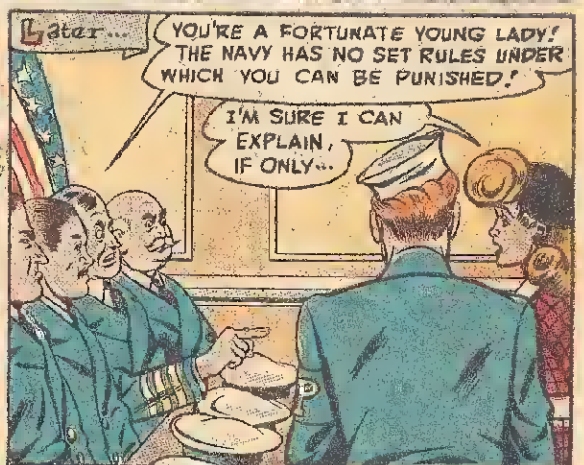
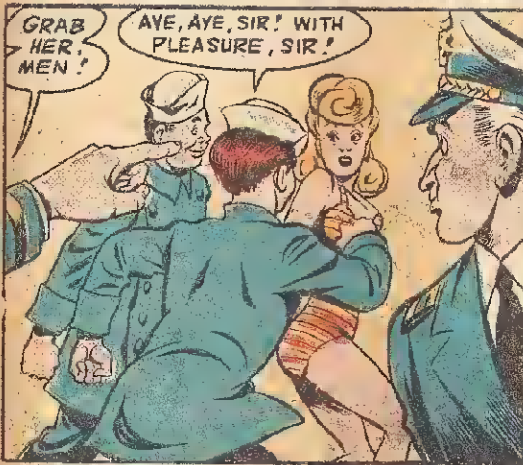
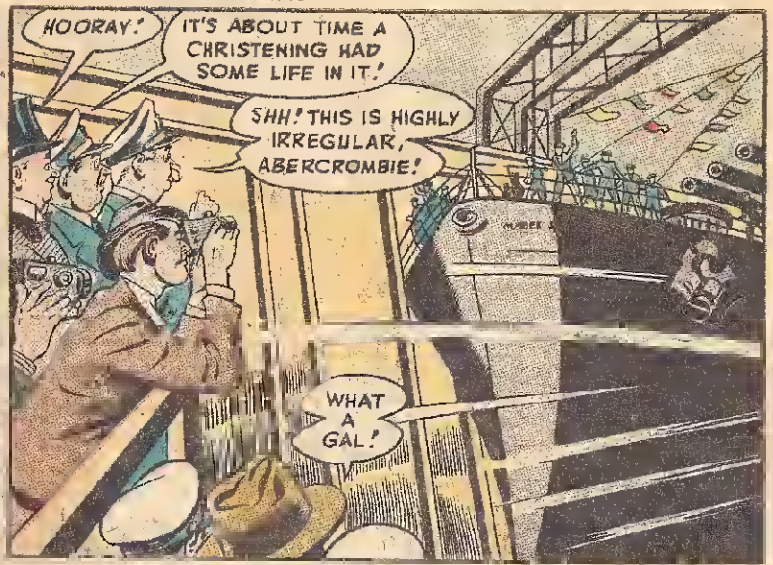
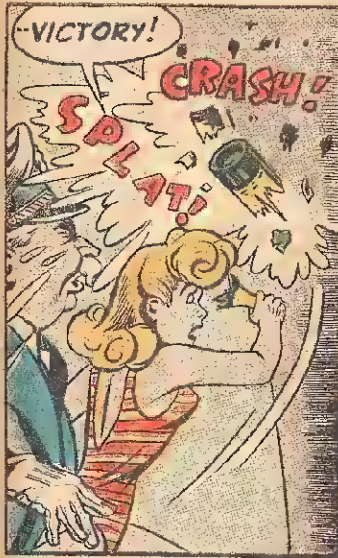


WAIT! THERE  
MUST BE  
SOME  
MISTAKE!

A MISS WILL BE MY  
ONLY MISTAKE! IN  
THE NAME OF THE  
U.S. NAVY, I  
CHRISTEN YOU...







# SPACE SLAVERS

IT was the year 1957. The 1000th V-2 rocket zoomed into the crystal-clear air over New Mexico. It left the heavyside layer and vanished into the cosmic vacuum of outer space.

This was the memorable V-2 flight because for the first time in all the tests, it carried a man.

Brandon Greeley slowly came out of the coma which the take-off had brought over him. Drugged with a certain preparation that defeated space sickness, he had lain in the specially cushioned hammock for an hour while the rocket hurtled upward—upward.

Now he yawned and stretched and looked out. Blackness. Utter darkness. The awful, silent darkness of outer space.

"Gee, I'm hungry," he said. He began munching on a chocolate bar and washing it down with strong tea.

He would be in the rocket exactly three hours and fifty-one minutes. Then he would release the warhead and parachute to the terrain of Venus.

He would be the first man ever to leave the earth and set foot on another planet. It was something to think about.

Yes, he would be a big-shot when he got back to earth. If he ever did. There was always that to consider. It hung on one thing. Had those return rockets actually landed on Venus? If none of them had, he was stuck on a new world—a world no one knew much about.

As he ate, he began to see pin-points of light about him. Stars. Planets. The blackness was clearing up somewhat. It was an intense deep blue now, shot through with dazzling streamers of greenish light as meteors and comets whizzed in all directions.

Quite a display of fireworks, he thought. The attached automatic cameras were taking it all.

At the prescribed hour and minute, Greeley snapped a switch. There was a violent lurch and he was floating free: the rest of the V-2

rocket went whistling off into space.

Venus looked just like Earth down below. Greeley swung in his shroud lines and watched the big ball grow bigger. He was dressed in special space suit that kept out the intense cold. He was breathing oxygen. There was a powerful radio set self-contained in the outfit. He turned it on and called New York, the station he was assigned.

No answer. Only a crackling of cosmic static.

Oh, well, he thought, time enough when I land to contact them. He wasn't worried. He had taken several space rides of lesser magnitude than this before signing on for the big trip.

At this point we lose contact with Mr. Greeley.

The New York station heard nothing from the first interplanetary explorer. The air waves hummed between New Mexico and New York. And in fact all the world's wires and ether lanes crackled with questions.

Had Greeley landed on Venus? Had the first experiment to transport man to another planet failed? No one knew.

"There is only one thing to do," said Prof. Spencer of the White Sands Proving Ground. "That is for someone else to make the trip."

"How about me, sir?" A thin, gangling youth stepped forward. He was Jim Lake, one of the best physicists in the group. "I'd like nothing better than a whack at space."

Prof. Spencer nodded. He hated to lose—or rather trust—this young man to the terrors of space. He might end up as had Greeley, whatever was his fate.

"All right, Lake," said Spencer. "You'll be given the tests tomorrow, and take off at the time figured."

Lake took his place in the monstrous V-2 at the appointed time the next evening. In a moment it was streaking with a tail of fire toward the zenith.



Two weeks passed. No word came from either man. The world was puzzled again. What was happening with the men? Had they become meteorites following the orbit of the sun? Telescopes were too weak to pick up such infinitesimal stuff in the great void.

Two more men at White Sands volunteered for the flight. They had to know what had befallen the other men. Thus did science function. What did a few lives matter? These two men were shot spaceward.

Nothing happened. Weeks passed.

The giant space ship of Hogarth Tor circled slowly for a landing and then came down with a soft plop on the strange vegetation of Venus. A group of men emerged from the big ship's belly. They were odd looking men in their space suits made of a strange glass.

But inside the glass they were men as we know them. They conversed among themselves through radio sets. They spoke in English.

"They have been dropping in on Venus like flies," said one of the men. "If the ninnies on Earth wish to send us slaves free, why not take advantage of the thing? Come on, fellows, let's hunt 'em down!"

The group, carrying ray guns, strode off across the weird terrain of Venus. One of them stooped and picked up a large portion of silken cloth.

"'Chute cloth," he said, handing it to another behind him. "They can't be far from here. Our televue picked them up landing just about here."

The three last men to land on Venus were sitting huddled in the cave they had chosen for their home. Greeley was out somewhere. They had made the terrible discovery that the first rockets, intended to carry them back to earth, were not capable of doing so. Something in the atmosphere, or some human-directed force, had rendered them useless.

For weeks the four of them had worked and fiddled with the rockets, but to no avail. They were lost on Venus!

One of the men had gone slightly mad with thinking of their fate. Now he lay on a bunk in the far corner of the cave muttering to himself. The other two sat over some drawings and plans. They would try to the last to get the rockets in shape

A shadow fell over the mouth of the cave. The two looked up to see a half dozen glass-covered men standing there with leveled pistols of a weird sort covering them.

"Come out, you fellows," said one of the invaders. "You're taking a little cruise with us."

The two men got up and lifted their hands.

"What is this?" one of them demanded. "Who are you?"

"Hogarth Tor, if the name means anything to you, which I doubt. Space pirate, they call me around cosmic circles. We want some new slaves. Saw you guys land here a few days ago. Come on. Bring the sleeping one along."

Brandon Greeley, watching the big space craft land on Venus, kept hidden until he saw the man leave her. Then he crept forward and stepped inside. The gun rack met his eye. He took down two ray pistols and strapped them about his waist. Then he cautiously went below.

The engine room accounted for most of the big craft. In it he saw two men reclining in lazy attitudes. There seemed to be no others aboard.

"Hey!" he shouted, brandishing his pistols, "line up there along the wall."

The two men obeyed. Greeley had them trussed up in a few minutes. They had assured him in a few words what the nature of this craft was. Now he held the whip hand.

He waited for the return of the others just inside the gun room. When at last they came, with his three friends, it was no job at all to disarm them and lock them in a steel room off the main door.

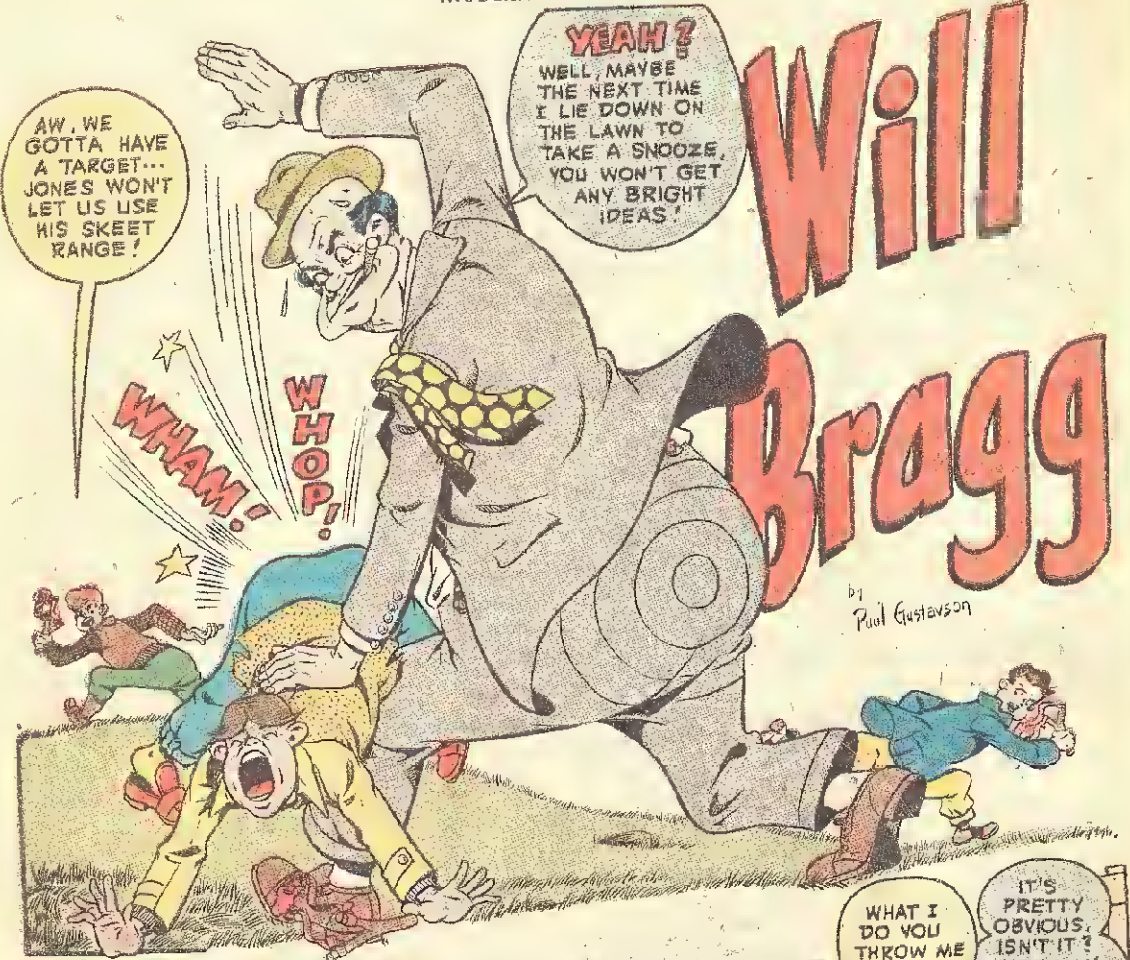
"Now," he told his friends, "with this little job, we should be able to reach earth easily. Say, what do you think the boys will think of this little beauty?"

Lake said, "Looks sturdy enough. Should save us a lot of experimentation. Wonder who made it? And who is this Hogarth Tor? Where from?"

Greeley laughed. "All in good order, Pal Lake. Let's get this thing going."

# Will Bragg

by  
Paul Gustavson







YEAH? THEN WHY WERE YOU YELLING **MARK?** **..AIM?**

TIMBER, SHE EES BUYING THEES NEW SKEET SHOOTING GUN AN' EES JUS PRACTICING! COME, YOU GO WITH ME TO THE SKEET RANGE! TIMBER EES ONE GOOD SHOT!

SKEET? OH... SKEET!

SKEET! HMM! I'VE HEARD THAT NAME SOMEWHERE! TIMBER IS FROM CANADA... MUST BE SOME KIND OF COLD WEATHER ANIMAL!

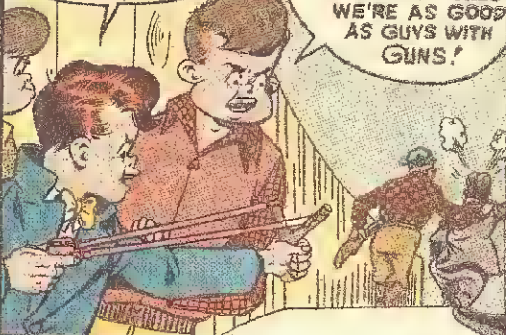


AH, YES... **SKEET!** I'VE SHOT A FEW MYSELF WITH CARL AKLEY AND FRANK BUCK... DOWN IN THE ANDES, THOUGH! ER... YOU AN EXPERT, TOO?

WHEN YOU SPEAK OF MEN LIKE SHE'S... NO! IF YOU SHOOT WEETH MEN LIKE THAT, YOU JUS' GOTTA COME WEETH TIMBER!

THEY ALLOW A FAT-HEAD LIKE HIM ON THE SKEET RANGE, BUT NOT US! HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW THAT SKEETS ARE DISCS MADE OF CLAY!

IF HE CAN GO, SO CAN WE! MAYBE WE CAN GET EVEN WITH HIM FOR TANNING SKINNER, AN', AT THE SAME TIME, SHOW JONES WE'RE AS GOOD AS GUYS WITH GUNS!



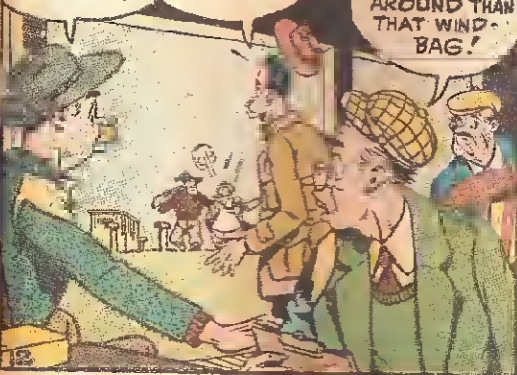
JONES, HERE COMES THIS **TIMBER WOLF** WE WERE TELLING YOU ABOUT!

OMIGOSH! HE'S BROUGHT ALONG THE TOWN BLOW-HARD... **WILL BRAGG!**

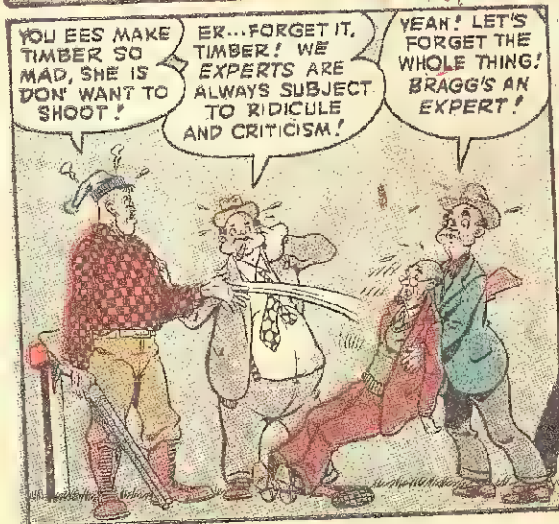
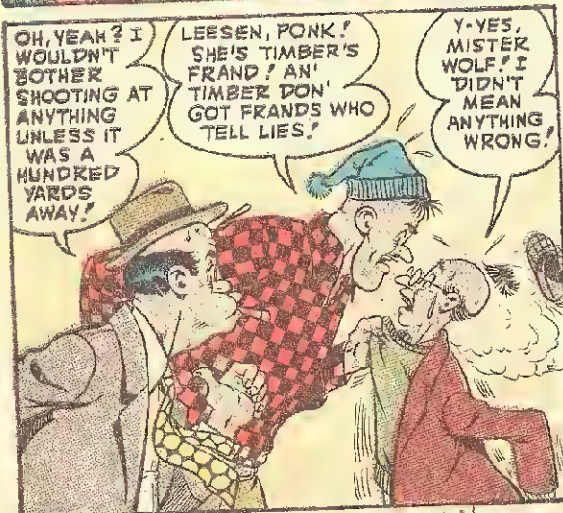
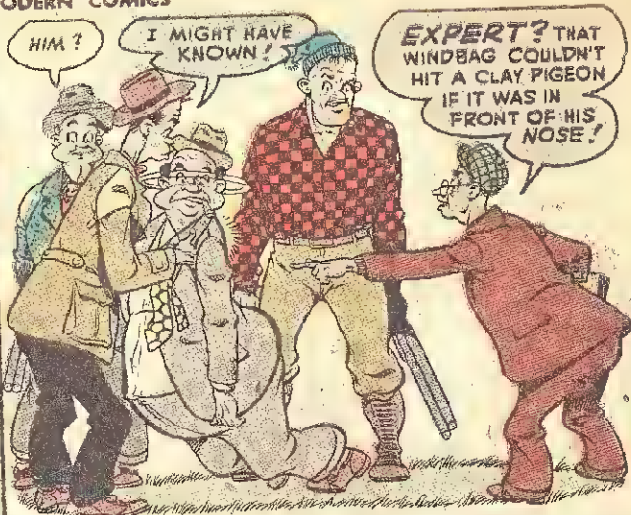
NOT HIM? I'D RATHER HAVE THOSE PESTY KIDS WITH THE SLINGSHOTS AROUND THAT WIND-BAG!

HIYA, TIMBER? GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT!

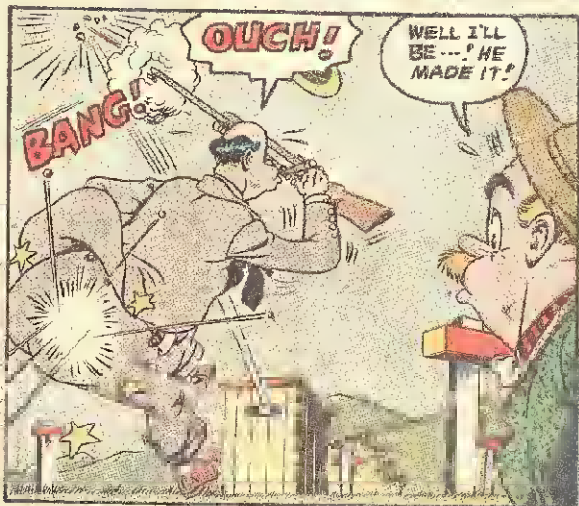
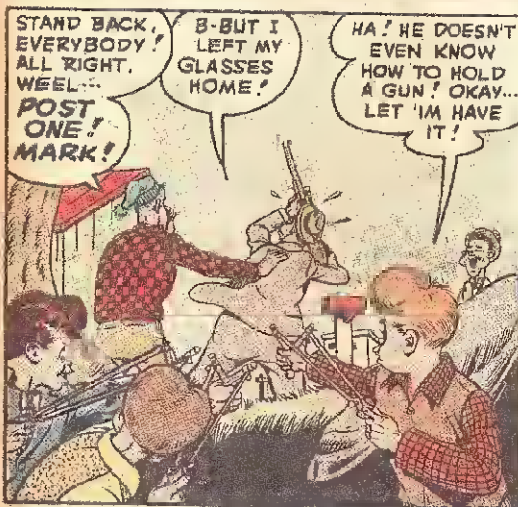
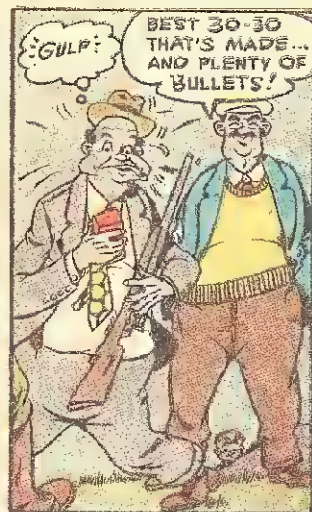
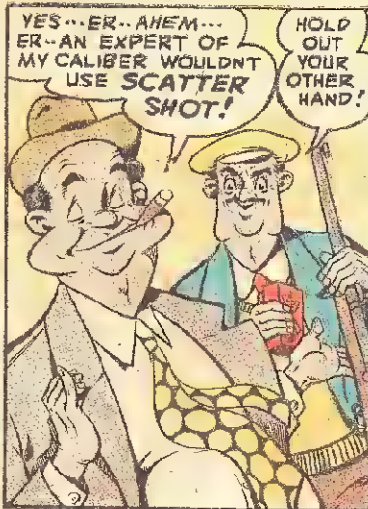
'ALLO, BOYS! YOU'S GOT ONE **EXPERT** SKEET SHOOTER HERE TODAY NOW!



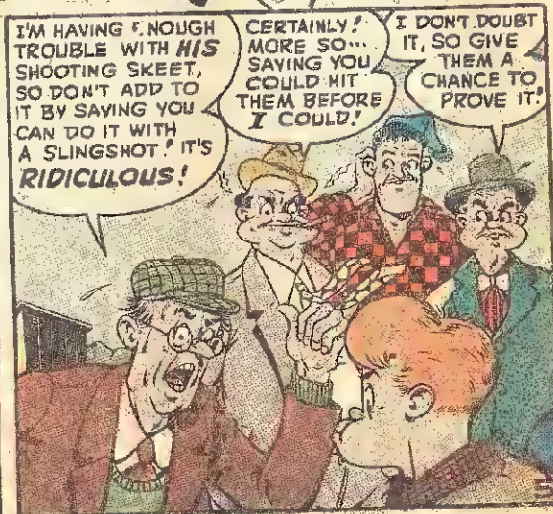
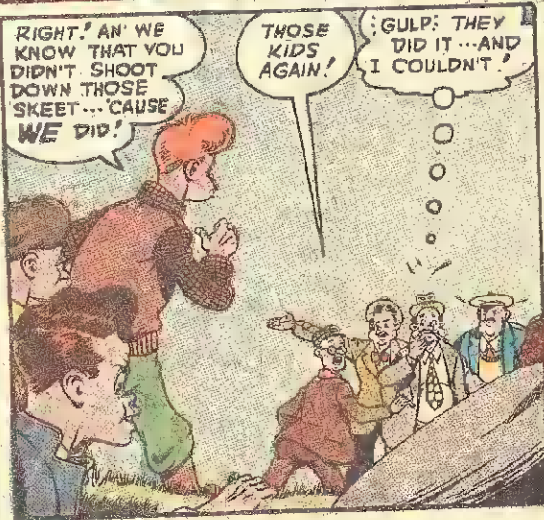
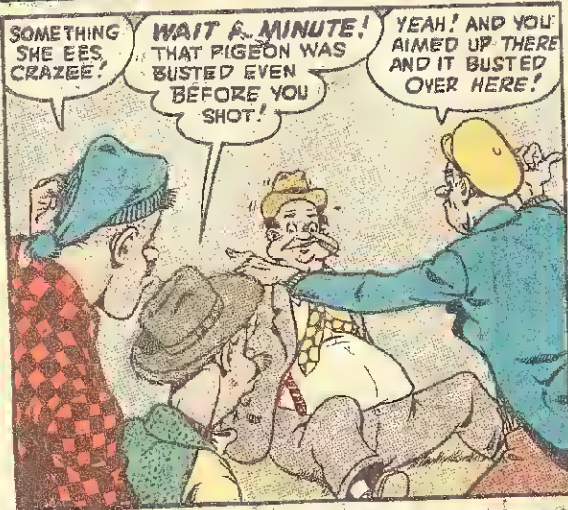




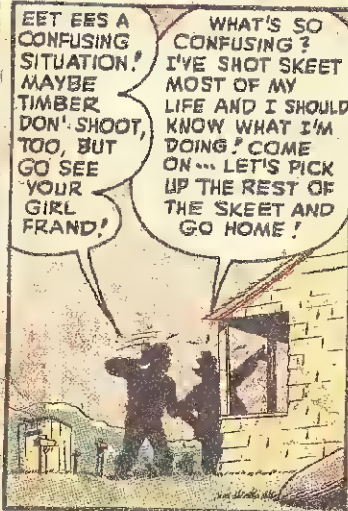
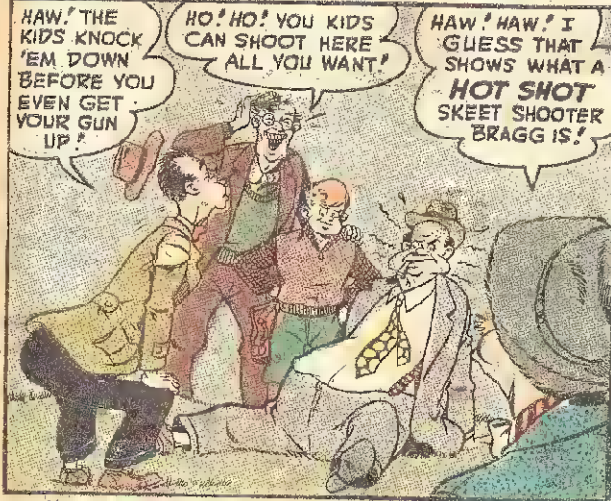














**Our Biggest  
Bulb Bargain**



**AMAZING GET ACQUAINTED**

# TULIP OFFER

**OUR FAMOUS HARDY PLANTING STOCK**

Dozens of brilliant flaming colors in this Rainbow Mix Assortment... Darwin, Triumph, Breeder, and Cottage Tulips for remarkable low cost of less than 2¢ per bulb. Our prize selection of famous young especially selected strain and smaller because they are first and second year bulbs—1½" to 2¼" in circumference. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Selected by Dutch-American growers and inspected by the State Department of Agriculture. Will fill your garden with amazing color ranging from delicate pastel shades to bold flaming hues. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

**100  
BULBS  
for \$1.69**

## SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

Michigan Bulb Company, Dept. RR-1508  
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

Send order checked below. I will pay postman on arrival of package in time for fall planting, plus postage, on guarantee that I may return if not satisfied and get full refund.

- ☐ 100 1st and 2nd year size Tulip Bulbs with 12 Dutch Iris Bulbs extra \$1.69
- ☐ 100 Exhibition Tulips with 12 Dutch Iris Bulbs extra \$2.98
- ☐ 12 Evergreens each 2 years old or older \$1.09
- ☐ 10 Chrysanthemum Plants with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs extra \$1.
- ☐ 20 Lily Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs extra \$1.94
- ☐ 50 Holland Crocus Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs extra \$1.69
- ☐ 12 King Alfred Daffodil Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs extra \$1.49
- ☐ 55 Perennials 11 popular varieties \$1.94
- ☐ Send C.O.D. (I pay postage)
- ☐ Remittance enclosed (Michigan Bulb pays postage)

**EXTRA**

**12 DUTCH  
IRIS BULBS**

Yes, as you wait for order for this astounding tulip assortment... we will send you 12 genuine first-year Dutch Iris Bulbs extra and without additional cost. These gorgeous irises will give your garden new purples and blues that will make it the envy of your neighbors. All solid disease-free bulbs... extra just for mailing your tulip order coupon now.

## ORDER NOW! Send No Money!

Send no money to get this marvelous tulip bulb bargain! Just check which offers you desire and rush order today! Your tulip bulb assortment with extra Dutch Iris Bulbs will be sent you immediately in plenty of time for fall planting. When postman brings your package just pay amount as checked in coupon plus C.O.D. postage. If you remit with order, we'll pay postage. If you don't feel that you have hit the bargain jackpot of the garden world, return the bulbs and receive your money back.

## Other Delightful Flower Bargains!

Chrysanthemums... New CUSHION MMS. Young vigorous plants which will fill your garden with spectacular beauty. Assorted colors... **\$1.69**  
10 plants

Lilies... Our hardy improved strain makes it easy for you to grow beautiful stately lilies. 10 varieties to make a color riot during the entire summer... **\$1.94**  
20 bulbs

MICHIGAN BULB CO., Dept. RR-1508 GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICH.

NAME.....  
ADDRESS.....  
CITY.....  
ZONE.....STAT.....